THE TWO WILLIAMS

STUDIES OF THE KAISER AND THE CROWN PRINCE

PAUL-LOUIS HERVIER

CLIVEDEN LIBRARY
Shelf A1 War Libra
Number 29
Date 1922
Waldorf ASTOR Nancy

THE TWO WILLIAMS

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2008 with funding from
Microsoft Corporation

http://www.archive.org/details/twowilliamsstudi00herv

The Kaiser.

THE TWO WILLIAMS

STUDIES OF THE KAISER AND THE CROWN PRINCE

BY

PAUL-LOUIS HERVIER

"Remember that you are the chosen people. The Spirit of the Lord has descended upon me because I am the German Emperor."

"I am the instrument of the All-Powerful, His Sword, His Representative."

—WILLIAM II.

LONDON
EVELEIGH NASH COMPANY
LIMITED
1916

"Woe and death to those who oppose my will! Woe and death to those who do not believe in my mission!"

"Without me, you can do nothing."

"There is but one master in this country: it is myself and I will tolerate no other."

"There is but one law, mine!"

"If I order you to batter down your parents, your brothers, your sisters, it is your duty to obey."

—WILLIAM II.

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

THE KAISER . . . . . *Frontispiece*

THE CROWN PRINCE . . . . . *To face page* 110

THE TWO WILLIAMS

William II of Germany was born on January 27, 1859.

His family has made an insane stir in the world's history. Frederick William I, father of Frederick the Great, had as unbearable a disposition as one can imagine. He was so hot-headed that he would send everybody packing, from the sentry who mounted guard, to his Crown Prince of a son, whose education was thus suitably attended to. Frederick the Great, in spite of Carlyle's glorification, proved the truth of the proverb, "Like father, like son." His sister, the Margravine of Bayreuth, wrote some most libidinous memoirs. The licentiousness, indeed, of this Imperial prose often extends to indecency, and even to pornography. Frederick William II succeeded his uncle the Great Frederick. He ran after women and incurred debts. He was a bigamist, and he borrowed as much as he could. Frederick William II, who died in 1846, was the father of Frederick William IV, who gave back his soul to the good old German god in 1861, childless and hopelessly insane. A daughter of

his brother William (who died in 1846), the Princess Mary, married Maximilian II, King of Bavaria. Queen Mary died in 1889, leaving two sons, Ludwig II, who died mad in 1886, and King Otto of Bavaria, a poor madman, laughable and pitiable at the same time. Frederick William IV had as his successor his brother, William I, the grandfather of the chameleon-like Kaiser. He became German Emperor in 1871. His wife, the Empress Augusta, was a granddaughter of the Czar of Russia, Paul I, who died mad. The son of the first William, who married the daughter of Queen Victoria, died of cancer. We have now arrived at William II and his son.

On January 27, 1859, was born William II. Field-Marshal Wrangel announced this birth to the great Prussian dignitaries in the words:

"Gentlemen, the young recruit, whom we were all impatiently awaiting, has at last arrived. Prince William of Prussia is born!"

Prussian militarism had just been enriched by a new recruit, but what a recruit! The left half of the child's body was extremely feeble; the arm and leg of this side have remained almost completely atrophied since his birth.

"It has been said for a long time," writes Dr. Cabanès, "that this atrophy was due to the clumsiness either of the midwife or of the accoucheur who brought the royal darling into the world. This matron (or this physician) being of English nationality, the Berlin

savants did not fail to attribute to lack of care what was in reality nothing but a congenital lesion. What was its nature? According to our confrère Witkowski, William II must have made his entry into the world head first. There was, then, neither the necessity nor the possibility of employing untimely tractions on one of his upper limbs. Consequently, it must be a case of one of those arrestations of development that specialists call an *ectromélie*." Dr. Boisleux gives us another explanation; according to him, "the atrophy of the left arm must be due to a dislocation of the shoulder, which occurred at the moment of birth: the child presented himself backwards; on account of the miserable state of the new-born infant a rapid extraction was necessary, and this caused a dislocation of the left shoulder. The result was an infirmity which betrays itself to-day in the atrophy of the upper limb and in a limitation of the movements of the arm."

William's nurse, Fräulein Stahl, who assisted at the birth, narrates what took place in the bedroom at this historic moment.

"The child's mother was then in such a condition that the doctors expected her to die. I had to leave the child for a few seconds to help them, and when, the Princess having recovered consciousness, I knelt down before the couch on which the child had been placed, oh! what was my terror! He had not uttered the slightest cry; he had not made the slightest movement!"

After some hours of great anxiety the young Prince revived, but the nurse adds that it was not until after the third or fourth day following the birth that the deformity of the hand and arm was discovered.

"You may imagine," says she, "that at first we were so busy in reviving the Prince that no one thought of examining his limbs. Suddenly it was observed that the child was unable to move his left arm. An examination was made, and the doctors discovered that the elbow was out of joint. But the adjacent parts were in such a state that it was impossible to proceed with the operation that is usual in such cases."

William was presented to the rich citizens of Berlin at the age of nine months. The reception was far from being peaceful and orderly. The Prince fidgeted and struggled in his Imperial baby clothes. He uttered dreadful and discordant cries. One of the notables, who had a passion for watches, brought out his chronometer and made the gold case flash to amuse the child. William grew calm, seized the object, shook it, waved it, nibbled at it, and refused to part with it. Every time they tried to take it away from him he would recommence his shrill music.

"Let him alone, let him alone," said his grandfather, by way of consolation. "You see that my grandson is a true Hohenzollern. When he gets hold of anything, he takes good care not to give it back."

Then commenced the period of childhood. A little severity was necessary to correct the mischievousness

+ keeping the peace)

of the Prince, who believed that he could do as he pleased. One day a governess, whose patience had been sorely tried, could not resist administering a magisterial whipping to his brother; but wishing to put a little Court flattery into this quite legitimate action, she made this excuse:

"Believe me, your Royal Highness, what I have just done causes me quite as much pain as it does you."

Young William, indicating the precise section of the governess's anatomy where the young Prince had been chastised, made this rude remark:

"Ah! And in the same place? . . . ."

During his boyhood William loved to be dirty; dirt pleased him, and, above all, he shrank from contact with water. He would escape from the hands of the servants when the time for his toilet approached, and would run down the long passages of the palace to the garden, where he would prowl about, taking care to meet the sentries so as to have the pleasure of receiving the military salute. But one day he was surprised and annoyed to see one of the guard, in front of whom he passed and repassed, remain motionless, and apparently ignorant of his presence. The vain child, forgetting the bath from which he had escaped, returned as fast as he could to the Palace, and, crying with rage, related his discomfiture to his father. The latter, who had arranged this little incident, gave him a fine lecture on the necessity of cleanliness, particularly for a soldier. This lesson bore fruit. William surmounted

his horror of water, renounced dirt, and consented to take baths.

"The Royal Princes were playing one day in the country with some friends of their own age," relates M. Henri Nicolle, in his interesting volume, "Les Souverains en Pantoufles." "A little French girl happened to stray into the party. Immediately the whole band fell upon her. In spite of her resistance, she was dragged like a prisoner to the end of the garden and tied to a tree. Then, picking up all sorts of objects near by that would serve as projectiles, William and his companions riddled her with fir cones and pieces of wood. . . . Every time a blow fell on this living target there would be ironical exclamations.

"'There, take that for Strasbourg! There! take that for Metz! There, take that for Sedan!'

"At last a little Hungarian, Hélène de Dzenig, who was present, could not resist going to the rescue of the innocent victim, who was asking for mercy between her sobs. Regarding Prince William as the real instigator of this ill-natured game, she attacked him unawares, tripped him up, and overwhelmed him with blows in his turn, as she cried out blusteringly:

"'There! take that for Sadowa!'

"At this moment the Princes' tutors ran up and restored order, not without administering serious punishment to the offenders."

In his "Recollections," which have been published in an English magazine, the painter Ziem relates that,

in 1864, he was invited to present himself at the Court of Berlin. The King of Prussia ordered some important pictures, and the Crown Prince and his wife often came to see him in the studio where he was working. Young William—then five years old—would accompany them, for the painter used to play at soldiers with him, and would teach him to manœuvre a lilliputian cannon that his grandfather had given him. But the Imperial child would play tricks and make disturbances that were sometimes a nuisance.

"One day," narrates Ziem, "I was in my studio. The Princess Royal had just left the room for a few seconds, leaving me alone with her son. I was giving a few last touches to an immense panel that had been ordered by the King. All was quiet, an utter silence reigned in the room, but I knew well that this perfect peace would not last, and I asked myself anxiously what disagreeable trick the young Prince was going to play me. All of a sudden, I hear a noise; it is the canvas which is being torn, and a little finger passes over the nose of a goddess that I had painted lovingly."

After the French campaign, William was sent to the great Gymnase of Cassel. From 1875 to 1877 he received, with his brother, lessons from M. François Ayme as his French tutor. "Such a mission," writes M. Henri Nicolle, "was a very delicate one for one of our compatriots to undertake, so soon after our disasters. M. Ayme had been recommended to the Princess Victoria by M. Thiers himself. He had gal-

lantly taken part in the war of 1870, and when approached about this post he had in no way concealed his opinions. He was a Republican and a Freethinker; it was not thought that this would be, in Germany, an obstacle to his task. As a matter of fact, he accomplished it to the satisfaction of all: without Court toadyism, without servility; with much tact, a proved dignity, and an enlightened devotion to which M. de Gottberg, the military governor of their Royal Highnesses, paid official homage."

In his "Recollections," M. Ayme narrates that the young Prince used to maintain that it was better to pay attention to the amelioration of the disinherited than to lead them to the shambles of battle. He even conceived an original idea for suppressing human butcheries; it was to compel the Ministers, who made them inevitable, to fight it out in single combat. After having finished his studies at the University of Bonn, after having experienced the incense and the intoxication of adulation, after having assisted eagerly at all the duels of his comrades, William was authorised by his father to go to France. He was then nineteen years old. He visited Paris, admired Versailles, but the square of the Musée de Cluny gave him the most profound delight. There were imposing ruins, ruins of which the patina was admirable! From Paris William betook himself to Ilfracombe in England, with his tutor and a few other people.

At Ilfracombe the Prince had just taken his morn-

ing dip, and while he was watching for the return of his tutor and his friends, who were taking a walk along the shore, he amused himself by throwing stones at the bathing-machines. These bathing-machines belonged to the father of a certain youth named Price, who resolutely advised the uncouth cub to stop damaging his father's property.

"Do you know who I am?" the Prince asked haughtily.

"I don't care who you are," replied young Price.

As a further argument, the future Kaiser struck the young fellow on the nose. The little Englishman was in no humour to submit tamely. He struck back, and there was a fierce stand-up fight until the tutor came to separate the two combatants. Both of them were "marked," but if either showed that blood had been drawn, it was undoubtedly the future Kaiser.

On February 27, 1881, Prince William married Princess Augusta Victoria, the eldest daughter of Duke Frederick of Schleswig-Holstein-Sonderburg-Austenburg, whose titles were rather more important than the States confiscated in 1866 by Prussia.

The future Empress had every quality for becoming an excellent wife and a perfect mother. Her motto, disclosed by herself, contains only three words, which in German all commence with a K: "Church, Kitchen, Children."

A delicate question presents itself. Did William love other women?

"The annals of gallantry," writes M. Henri Nicolle, "have attributed to him many feats. But one may well imagine that he has not exploited them on the housetops. And, for the impartial historian, it is very difficult to disentangle from all the Court rumours and all the gossip of the Chancellery the exact truth. Without mentioning any further cases, one may state that three women have appeared to enjoy quite particular attention at his hands: the high-spirited Elizabeth de Wedel, who did not shrink from disclosing her relations with him in a scandalous book, published in Switzerland, and naturally prohibited in Germany; the Countess Hohenau, who showed herself as much a faithful friend as a discreet lover of the future Kaiser; the Countess Minghetti, a woman of statuesque beauty, for whom William experienced, it is said, a genuine passion. . . ."

One must also note that William, when he was a student at Cassel, in spite of the infirmity of his left arm, wielded the sabre cleverly enough, and it is even asserted that, surreptitiously, he fought three duels, and that three times he emerged victorious from tournaments, of which the prize was a Chimène of the Theatre.

For the rest, the Imperial comedian has had a taste for actresses all his life. At Berlin, he pursued with his attentions an American singer, whom some years later he caused to leave the German capital hurriedly because his son, the present Crown Prince, was paying

her attention; and we shall see further on that if William sometimes went *incognito* to Paris, it was from amorous motives that were still connected with the world of the Green Room.

But sentimental, affectionate, deferential, respectful William could scarcely be. One has endless proofs of this when one reads certain anecdotes to be found in the course of this sketch. In the first instance, one must lay stress on the Prince's relations with his father. The latter, very ill, was living in his villa Ziro at San Remo. In the month of November, 1887, William paid a short visit there—a visit dictated, not by filial affection, but solely by self-interest. The ambitious Prince wished to inform himself of the exact state of the father whom he was to succeed. His succession to the throne interested him a thousand times more than the cure of the then Prince. The old Emperor, doubtless, would not live much longer, and his heir would scarcely survive him. William felt himself already on the steps of the throne, and his insolence and his hardness of heart struck and pained all who were witnesses of them at this period. To the proprietor of the villa he dared to say:

"My father is doomed. There is no hope for him; I am going back to Berlin, where my presence is indispensable."

On March 9, 1888, William I died, but the Crown Prince, in spite of all predictions to the contrary, recovered, and was proclaimed Emperor at Berlin, only

to be made the object of innumerable attacks. Bismarck hated him, and did much to augment the campaigns against the man who was called the *Englishman* or Frederick *der Britte* (the Englishman) by a sarcastic alteration of his official title Frederick *der Dritte* (the third). Frederick had not long to endure the sarcasm of his people and the disrespect of his son. He died on June 15, 1888, while William was reviewing his troops, who marched past with noisy flourishes of trumpets as he communicated to them his already warlike enthusiasm.

The reign of William, of him who in history will remain the *Kaiser*, with or without an adjective, was commencing. It began with a triumphant entry into Berlin, and with this declaration, made in all seriousness: "Those who oppose my designs I will crush."

Volumes would be necessary to relate the history of William's reign, to detail his exploits, his initiatives, his ambitions, his freaks, his travels. We cannot think of following him in the byways of politics, in his relations with his cousins, the sovereigns of Europe, in his thousand and one transformations. But we can attempt briefly to depict his character, that is to say, his attitudes, by a few anecdotes drawn at random from the many mentioned by collectors which well-informed people retain, and which deserve to be retained for the edification of those who, later on, thanks to the lapse of time, will be in the best position to judge the man who

was the cause of the greatest war that the world has ever had to endure.

To commence, I do not think that I can do better than translate impartially the panegyric, published in the Berlin *Lokalanzeiger*, of the Swede, Sven Hedin:

"Some years ago I had the good fortune of talking with the Kaiser, and he has not changed. Quite recently I saw him often again, and I can say shortly that he has lost nothing of his freshness and his elasticity of spirit. His appearance has not altered the least, and yet he works all day. Everything is communicated to him, and he gives his opinion on everything. I have often been asked: 'How can the Kaiser bear this physical and mental strain?' I think the right answer to this is that his conscience is clear, that he feels himself in his heart innocent before God and men of having caused this war, and that he has done everything in his power to avoid it.

"The German cause can have no better representative than the Kaiser, and he seems to have been born for this crisis; for, now that he has done all in his power to preserve peace, he feels responsible for the development of the destiny of Germany, and with this aim in sight he consecrates to this cause every sentiment, every thought, every act."

A worker the Kaiser is, perhaps, if one regards nervousness and agitation as the signs of a well-employed intelligence. The truth of the matter is that William wishes "that everything should be communi-

cated to him, and that he should give his opinion on everything." He is a strategist, a writer, a painter, an architect, a philosopher, a poet, a musician, and he adds to all these an exaggerated love of criticism. He is in turn a military critic, a literary critic, an art critic, a musical critic. He is universal—he wishes to prove it. He is infallible, at least he believes himself to be so. Admitting this, one may easily make the deduction that his disposition is wayward and obstinate and that some cleverness and much toadyism are necessary to please him.

Recently, in an English periodical, an old servant of the English Royal family published his recollections of the Sovereigns that he had had opportunities of seeing at Buckingham Palace or Windsor Castle. Need one say again that those whose business it is to come and go in silence are excellent observers, and that zealous servants cannot fail to remark anything remarkable in those whom they approach?

"The most difficult Sovereign that I have had the honour to serve," writes this chronicler, "is undoubtedly the Kaiser. He used to criticise the various works of art adorning the rooms placed at his disposal, and endeavour to belittle them in the eyes of his followers by comparing them, in depreciatory terms, with certain works of art of his own. In his room at Windsor Castle he never failed to find a bust of himself that he had given King Edward on his accession to the throne. The Court was assembled at Windsor when

this bust arrived in colossal packing cases. As soon as King Edward saw it he said, laughing, to Sir Arthur Ellis, then Comptroller of the Royal house:

"'Look here, Arthur, you must always see that that thing is very conspicuous when the Emperor comes here; on ordinary occasions it will be placed in the *Armoury!*'"

The *Armoury* was the name given to a basement room where a certain number of valueless pictures, derelict pieces of sculpture and old armour were stored. It is there that the bust of the Kaiser was to be housed. A few years later the Kaiser visited Windsor. Before his arrival King Edward came to take a final look round the apartments that were being prepared for "Him." Suddenly he stopped short:

"Where is the bust of the Emperor?"

"In the *Armoury*, sir," replied Sir Arthur.

"For Heaven's sake go and look for it at once, and put it in the most conspicuous position that you can find, or we shall hear the Emperor banging the doors to-morrow, and God alone knows what complications may follow."

The bust of the Kaiser was placed, in accordance with the King's suggestion, in the Blue Salon. The Kaiser was delighted to see it there, and declared again and again that it was the masterpiece of the artist who had executed it.

Speaking of William II's appetite, the old servant of the English Royal family observes:

"Of all the reigning monarchs that I have had the honour of approaching, the Kaiser is the one with the most ferocious appetite. For breakfast, besides eggs and bacon, he orders fish, a large helping of game, and a compote of fruit. He used to drink a little cup of black coffee at the end of this meal, after which he would smoke an enormous long cigar, a very strong one."

Let us go back a little, since we now know something of the character of William II. Dictatorial, vainglorious, convinced that he alone possesses good taste, that he alone is the owner of objects of value, he has the detestable arrogance of a *parvenu* who exploits what little he knows and all that he owns.

William II owns, among other things, numerous watches, clocks, timepieces, and even a stock of alarm clocks. Punctual and tyrannical, he keeps an eye on this collection, taking pride in hearing the simultaneous striking of all these time-keepers. It is a bad look-out for someone if by chance one of his clocks takes it into its head to be slow; he sends for his Chamberlain, and has a corps of clockmakers mobilised, after which this serious case is gravely discussed. As for himself, more exact than a precise chronometer, if he makes an appointment for midday, one may be certain that the twelve beats will be heard only when he is ready. He claims that the sun might be regulated by him. . . .

This passion for exactitude makes William II anxious to be the regulator of all his troops. Numerous

are the anecdotes told on this subject, and they show how useful to him is his stock of alarm clocks.

Two or three years ago William happened to hear that a captain of one of the regiments of his Potsdam Guards had arranged for six o'clock in the morning a course of technical lectures that he gave his men every day.

"Capital," said the Kaiser to himself, "but is it likely that a smart young captain of the guards will get up so early?"

In order to find out for himself, he arrived one morning at the place precisely at six o'clock, and, without having himself announced, entered the lecture-room. The men had already assembled, but the officer was not there. Without betraying any surprise, William II turned to one of the soldiers and asked what was the subject of the day's lesson. After this, he took his seat at the desk, and very simply gave the bewildered men a little course of something that might have had some resemblance to history. The clock was striking seven when the unlucky captain entered the room. Pretending not to notice his confusion, the Kaiser returned his salute and, after telling him at what point in the lesson he had left off, took his departure.

The incident had no further consequence, and the officer was beginning to congratulate himself on having got off so easily when, a few days later, he received from the Kaiser—a splendid alarm clock.

Another time William entered the barracks of the

Potsdam Hussars very early in the morning; he was recognised by the sentry, who was ordered not to leave his post. Then, having entered the guard-room, he ascertained that the lieutenant on duty was not at his post. He then made all the men leave the room, but kept the trumpeter near him. As soon as the guard had disappeared, the Emperor ordered the trumpeter to sound the alarm. Immediately the lieutenant at fault came running up. On recognising his supreme Chief, he grew pale and confused. But the Kaiser, without paying attention to his embarrassment, asked him very seriously:

"Where are your men, lieutenant?"

The lieutenant, his eyes still full of sleep, trembling either from cold, for the hour was early, or from fear, did not know what to reply. He received a severe reprimand, and later the customary alarm clock.

Another morning William arrived unexpectedly at the quarters of the 1st Royal Dragoons, then in garrison at Berlin. All the officers were at their posts except the colonel, who had not yet made his appearance. The squadrons were ready to start. The Emperor ordered them to postpone their departure until the colonel arrived. The latter, proud and dignified, arrived with no symptoms of hurry half an hour late. When he saw his Sovereign, his attitude changed. Now, quite humble and confused, he had every wish to hurry. William drily ordered him to take command of his troop and

to lead it to the field where the manœuvres were to take place. Arrived there, the Imperial eye-witness did not open his lips. The unhappy colonel was fearful of what was about to happen to him. There arrived for him that same evening a little package. And this little package, sent by express messenger, contained an alarm clock *from the inexhaustible stock.*

The Emperor had, until recently, a barber who was an expert at the business, but who always arrived late. In order to cure him of his want of punctuality the Emperor ironically presented him with a splendid gold chronometer. The barber, however, was no more punctual than before.

"Have you still my watch?" William, losing patience, asked him at last.

"Of course, your Majesty."

"Well, since it is no good, take this one instead." And, taking from the crestfallen barber the gold chronometer, he gave him in exchange a nickel turnip that may have been worth five marks.

The army is the chief pre-occupation of William. He wishes it to be strong, disciplined, enthusiastic, brilliant. No useless sentiment for him; he exacts from high and low alike correct deportment, a strict respect for obedience. On one occasion he sent his own guard back to barracks as a punishment for not having paraded before the Palace with sufficient smartness. Another day, while the troops were marching past him in the Unter den Linden, an aide-de-camp was thrown

from his horse, his head striking the side of the pavement violently. To dare to fall before the eyes of the Emperor—what a breach of discipline! William bade the march past continue, and then withdrew impassively.

Among the officers of William II's suite a certain young captain has an extraordinary gift for imitation. A few months before the war, this captain was in one of the rooms of the Imperial Palace at Potsdam with other officer friends. He began to amuse himself by imitating the Emperor with amazing exactitude; the timbre of his voice, the tone, the gesture, the demeanour, all were unmistakable. Suddenly there was a tense silence: William II had just burst into the room where his aides-de-camp were. The officers saluted respectfully, and remained motionless.

"Well! Continue," ordered the Emperor, addressing himself to the captain. "I did not know that you had this gift."

The officer hesitated for a second, then, stretching out his arm, and reproducing the intonation of his Sovereign, he said in a loud voice:

"Captain, you deserve to be dismissed from the army, but out of consideration for your youth, and because I know you to be a brave and gallant soldier, I forgive you."

That day, William gave an exhibition of marvellous leniency—he did not punish the captain.

But here is an anecdote, told me recently, which

shows the pride for his army with which the Sovereign is filled.

Some years ago Queen Wilhelmina of Holland, when she was in Berlin, was asked to take part in a great military review. First of all, a troop of soldiers, who were six feet in height, passed. They had a fine, martial bearing. The Kaiser looked at the young Queen with an air of interrogation, which seemed to say:

"Well, what do you think of them?"

Queen Wilhelmina smiled and shook her head.

"They're not tall enough," said she.

A little later a whole regiment marched past, every man in which was at least six feet five inches in height.

"They are not tall enough," said the young Queen again, still with the same smile.

"Not tall enough," exclaimed the Kaiser. "What do you mean?"

"I mean," explained the Queen, "that when we open our dykes the depth of the water in the inundated parts is over eight feet!"

Is it the recollection of this anecdote that has, so far, prevented the Kaiser from allowing Dutch neutrality to be violated by his troops?

The Emperor has a changeable and unreliable disposition. One of his intimates tells how at table he often remains silent and absorbed, and then suddenly, to the astonishment of all present, lets fall some unex-

pected, blundering remark or some whimsical impression. The Emperor, at certain moments, likes to be a "*prince sans rire*." He would like to equal the humorists of the *Lustige Blaetter*. One day he improvised a mystification at the expense of Prince Buelow. He had just announced to the latter that he had made him Chancellor of the Empire. When he thought that he saw a shadow on the statesman's face, William asked:

"Well then, what is it? You are not satisfied?"

"I should be ungrateful, sire, if I were not entirely so. But I am thinking about my wife. . . . She cannot fail to rejoice at seeing me made Chancellor. Only she dislikes the gigantic Palace of the Chancellery. It is she who directs everything in our household. She has succeeded in making our present residence a 'home,' delightfully elegant, comfortable and hygienic. I fear that she will be horrified at the idea of spending two or three months in cleaning up the immense Palace of the Chancellery."

"Don't let that bother you, my dear Buelow; you may make your mind quite easy. Present my best compliments to the Princess, and assure her that I shall be delighted to contribute towards making this work less arduous."

Reassured by this promise, the Chancellor withdrew, convinced that the Kaiser was about to place a whole regiment of cleaners at his disposal. He was exceedingly disconcerted when, a short time afterwards, the

Princess received a little parcel, "by order of the Emperor."

It was not a regiment of cleaners; it was a package of a hundred cakes of soap.

Another time, on a fine spring morning, the Emperor was on the terrace of the Palace of Halberg. A cloud of cockchafers was strewn over the ground. He himself collected some of them and handed them on to his aide-de-camp, telling him to pack them as carefully as possible and send them to Count Keller, who was then in command of the Fusiliers of the Guard. One must know, in order to enjoy to the full this little pleasantry, that the people of Berlin have given the nickname of "Cockchafers" to the officers and soldiers of this regiment.

The nickname originates from the fact that under Frederick II this regiment was stationed at Spandau, and came to Potsdam only once a year in the time of the cockchafers—that is to say, in May, to take part in a review. Now—we are indebted to the *Cologne Gazette* for these details—William sends every year as a present to this regiment a living cockchafer. On its arrival the little animal is treated chemically, and then added to the collection of the officers' mess, with precise information as to its origin, the date of its arrival, and the particular place in which it had been found. In the spring of 1915, William, as usual, dispatched a cockchafer, accompanied by a letter, in charge of his aide-de-camp, General von Gontand,

pointing out that the little beast came from his Majesty's garden in the general officer's headquarters.

Oh Imperial dignity! I know would-be humorists who, after exhausting their whole stock of youthful antics, would blush to perpetrate such inane frivolities. M. Henri Nicolle tells us that the three last German Emperors received nicknames. William I is the *old* Emperor, *Der greise;* Frederick III is the *wise*, *Der weise;* William II is the Emperor who travels, *Der Reise*. William II has always been a prey to the desire for movement. He has been almost everywhere, and his journeys are rather expensive. A numerous suite must be provided for, including a large number of personal attendants and other functionaries who are necessary to his comfort during the journey. All this adds enormously to the complications of the Kaiser's changing from place to place.

The plan of the route is arranged with the Marshal of the Court and a superior functionary of the railway as soon as William has made his wishes known. As the Imperial train must not stop anywhere before his destination is reached, it is not always easy to keep the road clear on the whole of the route without, to a certain extent, interfering with ordinary traffic. In order to maintain, as well as possible, communications with the central Government of Berlin, special post and telegraph offices are erected in the places visited by the Emperor, and these are utilised exclusively for the

Government and the Court. There is always an immense amount of correspondence to be attended to, for William II insists on being as exactly informed of things as at Berlin. Consequently, every time the Kaiser leaves his residence an enormous equipage is put in motion, the nature of which he knows thoroughly as a whole, but its complicated machinery necessarily escapes him.

Departures are arranged in such a way that nothing interferes with the nightly sleep of the traveller. William enters the train, if in the morning, after being called at his usual hour; if in the evening, some time before his ordinary hour of retiring. The arrangements in the Imperial train are so comfortable that William finds himself absolutely at home.

If the journey takes place during the day the Emperor receives the daily reports, signs the documents submitted to him, runs through the newspapers, and then devotes a short time to reading. After this, he calls his secretary and dictates to him, in different languages, letters destined for foreign Sovereigns—when he happens to be on good terms with them—or for personal friends, etc. This work often lasts several hours. While dictating, William II never makes a mistake, and never afterwards modifies the phrases he has dictated offhand.

Meals, as a rule, take very little time on these occasions. Dinner never lasts more than an hour. On leaving the table, the Emperor brings his suite to-

gether, and one and all drink beer, smoke and talk freely.

The Emperor's bedroom is simple, but furnished with distinction. On his own authority, William sleeps particularly well in a train.

Early the next morning, the Sovereign enters the bathroom, which is next his bedroom; then he is dressed at once and puts on the uniform in which he intends to leave the train, whether it be full dress in the event of his attending a serious reception, or the hunting uniform of the Court if he is paying a visit to a friend at whose place he is to have some shooting.

If the train reaches its destination early in the morning—that is to say, at an hour at which it is not William's custom to rise—it is shifted on to a side track, where it waits for the awakening of the Imperial sleeper.

To-day the Emperor still uses his special train, but despatches have informed us that all the carriages are covered with a coat of white paint, and have on their roofs great red crosses. The Imperial train resembles at the present moment a hospital Pullman.

Sometimes misadventures befall William in the course of his movements from place to place. Some years ago he visited Switzerland, where he was asked to take part in some military manœuvres. He was astonished at the efficiency of the Swiss marksmen. Immediately, as though he had already premeditated the violation of Swiss neutrality, William observed:

"To conquer your 200,000 soldiers, I should have to send against them 300,000 of mine."

It was courteously explained to the bellicose visitor that a Swiss marksman can very well account for three men, and that consequently a proportion of three to one, at least, against them would be necessary. William doubtless remembered this strong hint.

But the Kaiser does not travel only by railway; he is also a yachtsman, and he has made many cruises on his yacht the *Hohenzollern*. At the outbreak of the war, the Kaiser contemplated replacing the *Hohenzollern* by a new yacht, a larger, faster, more luxurious one. He was himself crazy with all the plans.

If one glances over the French illustrated journals, one will easily find, adorned by numerous photographs, extremely curious articles that recall certain Imperial cruises in which French celebrities, M. Waldeck Rousseau, and M. Menier, for example, took part.

On board his yacht William is in turn tyrannical and paternal, familiar and theatrical; he calls the humblest unit of the crew "My friend," and the next instant he has the destination of the yacht changed. Then, when the whim seizes him, he stops his yacht, no matter where, in an unknown bay, close to a solitary river. There his sailors erect a pyramid of stones upon which an inscription is appended, to inform future tourists that on such a day and at such an hour the German Emperor stopped at this spot. And in order to commemorate this sensational event, the Kaiser gives pompous and

declamatory discourses while on board the *Hohenzollern*, the flag salutes him, and volleys are fired in his honour. Besides being devoted to navigation, the Kaiser's interest also extends to maritime affairs. The German navy has developed rapidly during William's reign, thanks to an Admiral—an American one.

The American Rear-Admiral, William T. Mahan (who died quite recently) published, in 1890, a very important book called "The Influence of Sea-Power in History." As soon as it appeared the book was translated into German. The Kaiser read it, and was so impressed that he ordered a copy to be placed in every library of his men-of-war, and had his naval officers informed that it was their duty to read and study it carefully.

All the same, William has still much to learn, as the following anecdote shows:

One day, when the *Hohenzollern* was entering a Norwegian port, William, irritated at the yacht's slow progress, rang the bell to have its speed quickened. To his great astonishment the pilot, an old Norwegian named Nordhuns, rushed up to the telephone and called out to the engineers:

"Slow down. Pay no attention to the bell."

The Kaiser eyed from head to foot the man who dared to talk like this in his presence, and then gave the order:

"Pilot, go and have yourself put under arrest!"

"I shall not leave this place," replied the old pilot,

without moving a muscle. "The yacht is in my charge, and nobody, not even an Emperor, can give me orders."

The officers who were present looked at each other in silence. They knew that the pilot had the rules of the sea on his side. Their surprise was great when they saw his Majesty leave the bridge and permit the pilot to steer the yacht through the channel at his own discretion. All that night William reflected; then he came to the conclusion that he ought to give all his officers a theatrical lesson in discipline. So the next day he decorated the old sailor, and nominated him his official pilot in Norwegian waters.

Another time, in the neighbourhood of a German port in the North Sea, a pilot came on board and immediately commenced his watch at the helm. William, who considered himself a past-master in the art of steering a vessel, placed himself beside the pilot, and even proposed to assist him. The old sea wolf did not recognise the Kaiser. He turned round angrily, and growled out:

"Are you the pilot, or am I the pilot?"

Considerably startled, William retired to his cabin. But, after a few minutes' reflection, wishing to make an impression on those who had witnessed the scene, he ascended the bridge again, and, presenting the pilot with a box of cigars, said to him very humbly:

"It is you who are the pilot."

William is also devoted to shooting. He has had the greatest difficulty in learning to hold a gun, owing

to the paralysis of his left arm, but practice has given him dexterity. One day, when taking part in a pigeon match got up by some officers at Spandau, he wished to show off his cleverness. He hit eleven times out of thirteen, and won the sum of two marks from the stakes.

He put this sum triumphantly in his pocket, saying aloud, "That's something, anyhow, to buy a nice tart for my brats at home."

William was once shooting with Count Zeppelin. When the last stage was reached the keepers announced that the Emperor had just beaten all his own records, and they laid out in one long line all the victims to his prowess. Some photographers who were on the spot—naturally not by chance—lent their apparatuses.

The head-keeper stated that the Emperor had killed with his own gun sixty-four head. William did not contradict him immediately, but, while the photographers were operating, Count Zeppelin overheard him saying to the head-keeper:

"Sixty-four head, you say? That is really rather odd. I have used only thirty cartridges. But then, I fired some prodigious shots!"

William loves publicity. He ought to be satisfied. The Press of the whole world is busy with him to-day, though it is true the Kaiser scarcely expected so much disrespect. They couple with his name epithets that shock him. William the Liar, the Forger, the Impostor, the Assassin, the Butcher, the modern

Lohengrin, the Imperial Madman; all these continue the series started by the King of England, who, a real connoisseur in his knowledge of men, christened his nephew with the nickname of "The Valiant Poltroon." William loves advertisement to such an extent that some years ago he granted an interview to a representative of the *Daily Telegraph.* He gave free rein to his eloquence, with the result that his Chancellor and his Ministers made justifiable remonstrances with him when the article appeared. William was then begged never again to receive a journalist. We shall see that he has relinquished this commendable habit since the commencement of the war.

As William is eager to talk, and as he has favourites and confidants whose discretion is not always to be trusted, one knows everything that the Kaiser says and does. Let us see then how an Imperial day is spent.

William rises very early in the morning, rarely later than five, even in winter. As soon as he is up he plunges into a cold bath with some timidity, for he hates water. Then he proceeds with his toilet, and takes his early breakfast, either alone or with the Empress. The latter is always attentive and assiduous, and personally prepares and serves the coffee of her lord and master, no servant being admitted at this hour into the coquettish private dining-room of the Sovereigns, which is hung in reseda silk and decorated with pictures by Watteau, Pesne, and Loncret. This early break-

fast is really quite a heavy meal; besides coffee it includes eggs, cold meats, fish, ham, *confitures*, etc. And you can guess all that is entailed in the *et cetera* when it is a matter of feeding a German stomach. After this William betakes himself to his study, runs through his voluminous correspondence—which a special staff has already classified during the night—and then arranges the employment of the Court for the day as regards domestic affairs as well as affairs of State.

The Kaiser goes out on horseback for the first time at nine, followed by a modest escort, if he is alone; in a very simple victoria, if he is accompanied by the Empress. In either case it is a hygienic ride or drive. William often pays a visit to the Thiergarten or the Grünwald, where he takes a constitutional. On returning to the Palace, he works with his Ministers, inspects things generally, or grants audiences.

Lunch, which is a family affair, takes place at eleven, He himself has given his orders in the morning to the Court Steward, who is in charge of the kitchen. William is very partial to oysters, fish, macaroni, soups, or rissoles of forcemeat and braised meat. He is devoted to thrush ragouts. It is nothing for him to eat four thrushes at one meal. He always eats with the same fork, the outer prong of which is edged and sharpened so as to serve him also as a knife. William has German cooks, drinks Rhein wines, German champagnes, and much beer. He is accustomed to say: "I attribute Germany's greatness to beef, beer, and

Bismarck!" The menus, formally drawn up in French, are to-day in "unadulterated German" (?).

William has a passion for carp cooked in beer, and in this connection a curious incident took place a year ago at the Court. A large dinner-party was given, at which many guests were present; carp cooked in beer were served. William liked them so much that he asked for more. But the major-domo knew there were no more ready, and he had, in a terrified voice, to confess the fact.

Then the Kaiser asked:

"Why did you buy so few carp?"

"Your Majesty," replied the major-domo, "fifty kilogs were bought this morning."

"That's a fair quantity," replied the Kaiser, "but another time be good enough to buy an extra pound for me!"

William eats with a rapidity that is the despair of his guests. As a matter of fact, Court etiquette demands that the servants should remove the plates of all guests as soon as the Kaiser has finished with his.

Once, when old Admiral D—— was having a meal at the Palace, he was served with a dish that he was particularly fond of. He set himself down to do justice to the dish in question, when William threw at him a question, a second, and a third, and suddenly the servants hurried up to change the plates. The old Admiral, seeing that an assault was being made on his plate, which was still quite full, pricked with his fork

the fingers of the officious footman, as he said to him: "Get out of the way!"

As a special favour, William allowed the Admiral to finish his very fair helping. At table, William has a perfect mania for not allowing his guests to eat at their ease.

"Come," he says, "taste this."

And when the guest's mouth is full, he asks him a question which demands an immediate reply. One day he tormented in this way a count whom he had invited to lunch. After this, he tried the same pleasantry on a lady, but the person who tells the story declares that William had his trouble for nothing, "for we women, we swallow much more quickly than the men."

William's favourite dishes are "*Pot-roast*" (a kind of roast beef cooked in the Viennese way), chicken with rose *Paprika* (Hungarian pimento), *Wiener Schnitzel* (stewed veal), and, above all, so an American friend tells me, *Pfannkuchens*. This friend, indeed, has been good enough to communicate to the *Nouvelle Revue* the recipe of *Pfannkuchens*, as William himself has drawn it up, for the benefit of those friends whose greediness it might tempt.

"Take slightly more than a quarter of a pound of excellent table butter, a whole egg, the yolks of three eggs, a cup of sugar, a cup of milk, a scrap of solidified yeast, a little salt, and enough good flour to make a soft dough. The flour should be heated beforehand.

"To fill up the cake my cooks use plum marmalade, to which is added a few drops of rum, sugar and crushed almonds. One can fill it also with apples, or with apples mixed with plums. Add a little grated lemon and a few spoonfuls of raisins.

"Dissolve the yeast in warm water. Take a fairly deep frying-pan, mix the butter and sugar, add the eggs and the milk. To this add, little by little, the moist flour, salt it, and put the yeast in last.

"Work up the dough with a rolling-pin until it no longer adheres, then let it rise slowly by putting it in a warm place. The more gently the pasty rises, the better will be the *Pfannkuchens*.

"When the dough has quite risen pass it under the rolling-pin until it obtains the thickness of your thumb. Half of it is covered with fruit. The other half is placed on the top. Provide yourself with an ordinary drinking-glass, but covered with flour, so as to cut the mass into little round cakes. Place the cakes on a piece of paper, on which you have spread a layer of flour; again leave the pasty to rise.

"Put into your frying-pan two pounds of dripping. When it reaches boiling point, throw into it a scrap of the dough, and if it swells and browns at once it is time to begin the cooking of the cakes.

"Cook four cakes at the same time. Turn them with a spoon, and shake the frying-pan all the time. When the cakes have a nice brown colour on both sides

place them on pieces of bread, so that they may drain off, and then sprinkle quickly with sugar."

William claims that this recipe is a legacy from his grandmother.

The cellars of the Imperial palaces are well stocked and are kept with much care. The bottles are "dressed" in quite military fashion. Each bottle of choice wine is encircled by an ingenious metal covering, on which a hand-written label gives full particulars, such as the name of the brand, the age, the price, the number of bottles. The German Emperor loves his cellars well, and they contain good liquor.

But, economical as he is, William does not want a market penny to be made in his establishment. For this reason he has decided that the early breakfasts should be fixed at 2frs. 50 a cover. Lunch at 6frs. 25, dinners at 10frs. Except on gala occasions, when a special tariff is in force, the head cooks must not go beyond these figures in their bills, otherwise the difference would be charged against them.

"The service of the German Court," writes M. Henri Nicolle, "consists of no fewer than 1,800 employees, or lackeys in livery, and 500 housekeepers, maids, or chambermaids. The Empress herself is colonel of this regiment. But, more than anybody else, the Emperor is its real general, and he knows how to make it march in military fashion."

And were you aware of this? William is not content with being a judge of good living; he is also the

owner of a café-restaurant. When the famous Café Blume had disappeared from Sans-Souci Park, William determined to do something for the good citizens of Potsdam, and had a new café built, with the sign of the "*Historic Mill.*" Then he summoned an old steward of his Palace, and said to him: "My dear Monsieur Moritz, I appoint you manager of my restaurant. The rent will be only 6,000 marks a year, but later on, if things go well, it may be raised, so that I too, may make a little more. But I lay down one condition: You must serve the best coffee in all Potsdam."

This took place in October, 1913. Until the outbreak of hostilities, things went well with the "Historic Mill," for it was a favourite walk of the citizens of Potsdam. Often, in the course of his own morning walk, the Emperor would go and refresh himself in his café and inform himself on the state of the till.

William is a great smoker. He smokes long and strong cigars. He is very fond of a pipe, but the ordinary pipe is a little plebeian, so in the spring of 1914 he ordered a beautiful pipe that a Berlin artist turned out under the Emperor's personal directions. The bowl, very elongated, is of meerschaum; the stem is of cherry-wood, from Turkey; by way of decoration there is a capital W. (William's initial) on which is perched a bird; the whole, in silver, is continued by a sculptured branch which is twined around the bowl. In this pipe William smokes only Havana tobacco especially prepared for him.

After the family lunch at eleven, William allows himself a fairly long siesta—even undressing and going to bed on occasion—and this fact is indicated to the Court by the notification, the meaning of which is understood by everybody, "His Majesty is working alone!" . . . .

After this "work," during which William sometimes snores, there is a fresh promenade, a more official one this time. Acclamations are not forbidden; they are rather encouraged than otherwise. Then the remainder of the afternoon is devoted to the most varied occupations. At five o'clock there is dinner, more or less solemn, according to the number and rank of the guests. A little concert follows, either arranged in advance by William, who produces there his Court protégés, or else improvised with the co-operation of all the members of the Imperial family.

The concert over, William goes back to his study. In order to remember his own commandments, he has them attached to the wall close to his desk, and one reads on an immense placard the following injunctions:

"Be brave in suffering; never desire what cannot be obtained, or what is not worth the trouble of obtaining; be satisfied with the time as it is; look for the best in everything; take the pleasures of Nature and of humanity as they are. Have confidence, during the thousand bitter hours, in some one who is good; devote yourself with all your heart, with all your power, even

if you will never be thanked for it. He who learns these rules and practises them is the happier, the freer, the prouder for it, and his life will be always pleasant. He who is distrustful deceives others and injures himself. It is our duty to consider every man good until he has proved the contrary. The world is so great, and we human beings are so small, that, of necessity, everything cannot depend upon us. If a trifle injures us or makes us suffer, who knows if it is not necessary to the welfare of the whole creation? Everything in the world, whether it be an animated being, or an inanimate thing, speaks of the great wisdom, of the omnipotence and of the omniscience of the Creator. Things are, therefore, what they ought to be; it matters little as to how they were in the past. May the will of the Creator be accomplished."[1]

[1] At the time of the publication of these details in *La Nouvelle Revue* M. Gustave Téry wrote in that journal on March 21st, 1915: *The days follow each other: Laurent, Serrez ma haire.* Do you know a finer example of hypocrisy?

On the rafters and beams of his library, Montaigne had engraved maxims suitable for healthy meditation: "Let us not be wiser than we should be." There is no form of reasoning which was not its own contradiction. Neither like this, nor like that, nor even otherwise." . . .

According to M. Paul-Louis Hervier, William acts like Montaigne; he sticks up in his study maxims of the purest Stoicism ("Be brave in suffering—Do not desire what you cannot obtain"), or of the most typical Epicureanism ("Look for the best in everything—take your pleasures as they are—Be satisfied with the time as it is," etc.).

Whether Epicurean or Stoical, these apophthegms of ancient wisdom should be more precious than ever to the

With this picture before his eyes, William works, takes decisions, gives orders, and sometimes reflects. Of his own accord, like a Mentor who is capable of exploiting the most beautiful theories in order to have them put into practice, he shows his guests his string of commandments, and, like an envoy from the Deity, after giving the order to read them, he pronounces this simple word, "Meditate!" In his study in the evening, William looks over his evening correspondence. Towards eleven he goes to bed, where for some time longer he looks through papers or reads for his own amusement.

Many people know the Kaiser's love of decoration

Kaiser to-day. But to console him for having taken neither Paris nor Calais does it truly suffice him to hypnotise himself with the placard on which is written: "Do not desire what you cannot obtain"?

Among the maxims cited by our *confrère,* two are especially remarkable: "He who is distrustful, deceives others and injures himself." "It is our duty to consider every man good until he has proved the contrary."

The first, if I am not mistaken, is borrowed from Seneca. As for the second, you will find it in the delightful Apologia for the Four Sulpician Virtues by our own Ernest Renan. And it is perhaps not without value to note that at a time when our own Intellectuals were giving themselves indigestion over the lucubrations of Kant and of Nietzsche, that Kaiser bread of the soul, William had the good taste to prefer the exquisiteness of Renan.

But read the two phrases again, while remembering that the Kaiser has made of lying and spying the two columns of his Empire, and you will agree that beside this Boche, Tartuffe was a mere schoolboy.

GUSTAVE TÉRY.

and ostentation, and his taste for theatrical effects, and they doubtless imagine that William's bedroom is magnificent, luxurious, and ornamented with precious gew-gaws. They are mistaken; this room is a bear-garden; there are in it treasures and horrors; marvels and trumpery odds and ends. The Empress herself grumbles because there are littered about this room "furniture from museums and modern furniture from Berlin shopkeepers."

William sleeps in a bed bought at a neighbouring bazaar, and this bed, even in a room crammed with eccentric objects, is out of place. It is a brass bedstead, such as commercial people and bourgeois are proud to possess. It might be suitable for furnished apartments; but it is certainly not a bed for an Emperor.

In the early years of his reign, William slept in a grandiose bed, the magnificent curtains and superb hangings of which made a gloomy enough blot in the room as a whole. But one day, the Empress saw in the palace of Prince and Princess Frederick Leopold of Prussia, a brass bedstead, the masterpiece of an English manufacturer. The brass, marvellously polished, glittered and reflected like a mirror. The Empress was astonished, and wished to become the possessor of such a bed, with balls like suns that blinded one, and with rails that seemed to be of massive gold. Questioned on the subject, William said No; entreated, he allowed himself to yield. The Grand Chamberlain was sent

to the nearest bazaar, and the following day the old bed in the Imperial alcove gave way to the new and shining couch. William found it good, soft, and the springs were easy, but he gave the following order: in the daytime the old bed was to be placed in the alcove, at night the brass bedstead was to take its place. This daily labour was not accomplished without difficulty; the servants were put out at having to do an irritating and heavy piece of work. Gradually they forgot to make the change, and to-day the brass bedstead has the alcove all to itself.

The Empress Augusta Victoria has ordered the sheets to be changed every day, but here is a little secret: there are not enough sheets in the Imperial wardrobes to allow of this being done.

William is much afraid of colds and bronchitis, so he is in the habit of being always very warmly covered, and the counterpanes are attached to the bed, so that there is no danger of their slipping down during the night and exposing the shoulders of the Imperial sleeper. In order to avoid draughts there are thick hangings before each door. At the head of the bed is a little table on which lies an automatic revolver. This weapon, with its ivory handle encrusted with silver, is always within arm's reach of the Emperor.

Not far from the bed William has placed an old mahogany chest of drawers, on the slab of which he has arranged all the funeral and even *macabre* souvenirs of the dead members of his family. The

walls of the room are hung with a tapestry which is the colour of grey sand, with yellow flowers in relief. Two sofas are of the same tint, and the armchairs are red. The carpet is blue. Finally, to complete the furniture of the room there are Japanese tables, bamboo chairs, vases, patchworks, marqueteries, a crystal chandelier, a huge bronze candelabrum, etc. It is no wonder that William's mother, when visiting this bedroom, could express her opinion of it only by this exclamation: "But, my poor son, this room is like the back shop of a suburban dealer in antiquities!" In passing, we may add that the Emperor very often sleeps by himself.

Sometimes in the evening, William plays cards. He plays quickly and rather well, with decision and in absolute silence. The game over, he gives or asks for explanations. He is served with cards specially made for him, the figures of which, designed in the Gothic style so dear to Germans, represent Lohengrin, Goethe, Luther, Marguerite, Bismarck (what a mixture!) and other personages, extremely varied. In the features of the Queen of Diamonds one recognises the Empress Augusta Victoria, William I in the King of Hearts, and William II in the King of Clubs. At the back of the cards are unfolded the Eagle of Prussia, the double-headed Eagle of Austria, and the Silver Cross of Savoy, in honour of the Triple Alliance.

At Altenburg, William had made for his own personal use cards reproducing characters in French

history. The King of Spades is represented by Louis XIV; Francis I is the King of Hearts; Charles VIII is the King of Diamonds; Agnes Sorrel is the Queen of Diamonds; the King of Clubs reveals the features of Saint Louis.

In the family circle, William is not always easy to get on with. His easy-going jokes seem sometimes to allow a little relaxation, but he quickly becomes dictatorial, tiresome, and changeable. A French lady, who for some time shared the private life of the Empress, amused a group of her London friends some time ago by relating the odd, and often absurd, scenes that William II makes with his wife about the colour, or rather the absence of colour, in her hair.

From the moment that the Empress, who is comparatively young, saw that silver threads were appearing in her hair, she lost no time—wishing to appear as pleasing as possible in the eyes of her lord and master, who, as everybody knows, is not indifferent to youth and beauty—in consulting a famous hair specialist in Berlin to find out what was the best restorer that she could employ without delay.

The man gave the Empress a bottle of mixture, which she enthusiastically emptied on her Imperial scalp. Did she put on too much? Was there some other reason? In any case, one morning the poor Empress appeared at early breakfast with blotches of dubious green in the tresses of her hair.

"Upon my word, Augusta! That's a nice mixture

you've put on your hair," William exclaimed with a frown; then he added: "Give me the bottle! Where is the bottle?"

The Empress muttered a few unintelligible words, and went on with her breakfast. But he who rules the souls and bodies of a whole Empire, was dissatisfied, and began to turn his wife's boudoir upside down, to the amazement and disgust of the maids, who laid out everything with meticulous care. Finally the Kaiser saw a chambermaid in the very act of trying to hide a flask from him. He took it, or rather he captured it, and put it in his pocket. The Kaiserin heard no more about it, but the hair specialist to her Imperial Majesty lost her august patronage, while Augusta's hair remained of variegated colour for a whole month.

Then it was that the Kaiserin had a bottle of dye, which had been exploited as absolute perfection, hunted up for her in Paris. She received it secretly by post without misadventure, and applied the mixture to her hair. But the next morning, at early breakfast, William suddenly stopped in front of his coffee-cup and exclaimed:

"Augusta, you will be the cause of having all the hairdresser's shops in Berlin closed by order. Who sold you that liquid, which it is disgraceful to see on the head of a wife and a mother?"

Once more the Kaiser insisted on having the bottle. When he received it he looked at the label. What was

the matter? Had his eyes failed him? He placed the bottle nearer to them. There was on the paper this word, printed in large letters: "PARIS." William grew red and white by turns. He was on the point of speaking, but he said nothing. He threw the bottle out of the window.

The Empress gave up the idea of dyeing her hair.

A few years ago the Imperial couple were at Rome. William and the Empress visited the shops together. At a ladies' tailor's shop the Empress ordered several costumes, and the proprietor, believing that he was dealing with customers quite out of the common, produced some old Venetian lace. Augusta Victoria admired it. William grew impatient. Augusta examined it. William wished to leave the shop. So, when the Empress spoke of the possibility of buying a few of the specimens that particularly pleased her, the impatient Emperor burst into reproaches that were anything but polite.

"What, lace for you! But, consider, Augusta, you are the mother of grown-up children!"

The mother of grown-up children left the shop rather crestfallen, but though one is an Empress, one possesses for all that the trickery and cunning which are the portion of women. So much self-abnegation made William forget that his wife might have retained her wish, and the next day Augusta Victoria managed to go out alone. She entered the tailor's shop, and bought the lace that she had chosen the evening before,

adding, to make her triumph complete, the purchase of a few extra pieces.

With his sons William has occasionally considerable trouble. His own disposition, selfish and dictatorial, is reproduced in some of his children. The Princess Victoria Louise, the Kaiser's only daughter, has her father's obstinacy, and at the very moment of her marriage with Prince Ernest Augustus of Cumberland she told her parents to their faces that she intended to have her own way. The Crown Prince was engaged at different times to at least a dozen actresses or bourgeoises, and when his forthcoming marriage was announced with the Princess Cecilia it was said that there was anything but harmony between the mother of the young Princess and the Kaiser. The marriage was twice postponed, and even to-day the Crown Prince's mother-in-law thinks nothing of admitting that she has conceived an undying hatred for Prussia. The marriage of Prince Eitel Fritz and the Duchess Sophie of Oldenbourg also gave rise to scenes. The Duchess, who was enormously rich, was much older than Prince Eitel, and everybody knew that for years she had been in love with her father's aide-de-camp, a penniless count. William endeavoured to persuade his son that this marriage was impossible. The son proved to his father that it was quite possible. The marriage took place, and now, after numerous whispers of divorce, the two are living apart.

Prince Augustus William, too, has had his little

affair. He was a student at Bonn when he fell in love with Princess Alexandra Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein. There came a severe reprimand from Berlin. He was forbidden by his father to see the Princess. He was urged to pay attention only to his studies. But Prince Augustus William would not have been a worthy son of his father if he had not made a show of mild rebellion. He opposed his father's will, and to-day Princess Alexandra Victoria is William's daughter-in-law.

Prince Adelbert—the sailor of the family—is not yet married, but rumour has it that with him also the Kaiser may well have a surprise, and a disagreeable one.

Is it because he has no peace in his own home, and is incapable of creating it, that the Kaiser seeks in all directions, in the Arts and in the Sciences, in finance and in no matter what, for safety-valves for his activity, his feverishness, his anxiety?

He is director of a theatre! He manages the Imperial theatres. A librettist at odd moments, he takes the greatest interest in important theatrical presentations, and he rules with a high hand the innumerable people connected with them: costumiers, scene-painters, designers, florists, stage-carpenters, in all more than a thousand employees attached to the Imperial theatres. The organisation cannot be improved on, and it is possible to find there even an artistic library of more than 30,000 volumes. When

one of these establishments is in financial difficulties, the Kaiser subsidises it out of his own pocket. As one sees, William asserts that he is a responsible administrator.

In February, 1910, William directed a rehearsal of "The Prophet." He gave advice and suggested corrections. He believes himself especially gifted for organising stage spectacles. When he hears that a rehearsal likely to interest him is being held in a theatre, he proceeds there, and a few minutes later he may be seen interrupting the actors, and waving his hands or brandishing either his sword or his cane with bountiful gestures, he gives opinions that are in the nature of orders. Then he dictates suggestions for the costumes, for the marches past, for the arms. After this, the actors begin all over again, weary, but highly honoured. A new interruption breaks out. They must hear new opinions twice, five times, ten times. William makes the artists manœuvre as though they were soldiers. At last he goes off with a contented smile on his lips. "There," he says, "is a rehearsal thoroughly carried out!" Everybody is not of his opinion.

It has been said that William has written librettos for the opera. The paternity of a lyrical work by the Italian composer Leoncavallo has been attributed to him. It was produced in Berlin at a gala performance attended by the Court. This collaboration has never been proved.

But what is certain is that, in 1894, William com-

posed a "Hymn to Ægir," to which the Press paid a great deal of attention; the first performance was given at the Berlin Opera House for the benefit of a charitable institution. William, like his ancestor Frederick II, has studied music. He is a violinist, and when he was Crown Prince and a student at the University of Bonn, he worked very hard with this instrument. He even went so far as to learn a morsel for his father's birthday; he played it to him, and his father paid him this compliment: "William, you will become a precentor!"

Berlin musical criticism was not so tender towards the Kaiser when the "Hymn to Ægir," and a ballet, entitled "Sardanapalus," were performed.

At the theatre, William becomes excited as soon as he is captivated by the subject of the piece. He leans forward to hear and see better, then he straightens himself once more, follows the acting as though he were a critic or a manager on the look out for a star, and gives the signal for applause. He invites the Empress to applaud, entreats her with a glance, happy when she signifies that she is of his opinion, for that is the principal point, the rest is of little consequence.

The whole family of the Kaiser is devoted to the cinematograph. William has made a present to the Princess Victoria Louise, his daughter, of a camera, and she herself has turned out several films in which her father is the hero. Every phase of the Imperial day has been photographed and exhibited in the little

private theatre at Potsdam. Those privileged to view these pictures have been able to see William in his study, giving audiences, receiving politicians; in the intimacy of his family, surrounded by his children, lunching at home.

William loves the cinema to such a degree that his servants have been ordered to place amongst his luggage on his shortest journeys a cinema apparatus and his favourite films. In the summer of 1913, during the German military manœuvres, a cinematograph outfit formed part of his impedimenta. It is said that during the present war he has several times summoned to the front, in the places where he was himself at the time, two German operators, and recently he sent to the Turkish Government a whole series of films depicting the Germans on the different battlefields. These films should be intercalated in the cinematographic establishments of Constantinople.

One must add that an enterprising American society, that had vainly endeavoured to obtain the permission of the French Government to follow the movements of the Allied Armies, had more success with William. He gave orders that the operator should be looked after and enabled to perform his task in complete safety. The Kaiser hopes that the cinema will make partisans for him in neutral countries.

William gave up draughtsmanship and painting for photography and the cinema. Photography interests

him from two points of view; he condescends to be the photographer, he adores being the subject.

William has posed thousands of times before the camera; he has beaten all the records that one is inclined to attribute to young and pretty actresses. He must make an impression on someone or something; he makes an impression on sensitive plates, and you see him appear in the formidable collection of his portraits, decked out in the most varied uniforms. All the Prussian regiments, the German, the foreign ones, who count him in the number of their officers, are represented in this collection Let us admit that in these innumerable photographs William has rather a fine appearance. His head thrown back, his clothes moulded to his figure, he has the impressive appearance of a quartermaster who parades himself, and who is anxious about the effect which will be produced upon the imagination of the mob by a decorative and extremely decorated silhouette.

But William's photographs—all without exception—are flattering. There are no wrinkles, no crow's-feet at the corners of the eyes, no grey hair above the temples. The photographic artist must be careful to repair the irreparable ravages of years. On that depends his reputation, on that depends the state of his pocket. Proofs of every negative are submitted to the Kaiser, who gives permission to print only after passing a seriously weighed judgment on each. In his examination William is particularly careful to see that

the photograph does not disclose the infirmity of his left arm or that his left hand does not expose its deformity.

One will understand then why William does not like to be "snapped" unawares. He was taking a walk in 1910 on the sands at Swinemunde, accompanied by the Chancellor of the Empire and two private secretaries; all four were in yachting costume, and were talking familiarly as they strolled along. A young man in the employment of a photographic agency in Berlin considered the occasion a good one for sending an unedited negative to his firm. So he approached the group then and there, walked deliberately towards William, the kodak raised to the height of his nose, and pressed the bulb. A shade of annoyance passed over the Kaiser's face, but, photographed in spite of himself, he held his tongue. As, however, the individual, having changed his plate, returned again and prepared a second snapshot, William, losing patience, called the detectives, who followed him at a distance, and said in a brusque tone: "Confiscate that fellow's plates!"

The police agents took from the indiscreet photographer the unedited negative, of which he was so proud, and detained him until the Emperor and his companions had gone.

William, accustomed to ceremonial portraits, desires to be photographed only in a historic pose, and resents the surprises of the snapshot.

Some years ago, on a spring morning, a young amateur photographer was musing in the Unter den Linden on the possibility of securing an interesting snapshot. Suddenly a flourish of trumpets sounded; a regiment, at the head of which rode the Emperor, was approaching. The young man quickly placed himself at the edge of the pavement and pointed his camera. William, at twenty paces, recognised the photographer, who was none other than the son of M. Herbette, at that time French Ambassador at Berlin. With a word, he halted his escort:

"Smile, and not a move!"

Quietly young Herbette took the photograph. Then a brief order was given and the regiment passed on. Two days afterwards William arrived unexpectedly, without an escort, at the house of the French Ambassador.

"I've come to see the proofs," he said.

And, after examining them with the greatest care, he congratulated the son of the French diplomatist; the pose had been good

One of his official photographers once said: "In a few minutes I shall photograph him, dressed in turn in the full-dress uniform of an English admiral, then in the uniform of a German general, then on horseback in the uniform of a colonel of hussars. William II, when being photographed, is always careful to strike heroic attitudes, differing from other models who

habitually adopt poses, attitudes, and expressions of the most everyday kind."

A whim of the Kaiser, relates M. Henri Nicolle, very nearly caused a veritable slump in the important commerce of Imperial photographs.

"William had, in fact, suddenly decided to grow a beard. The portraits in which he was represented up till then, with his moustache twisted up, became unsaleable. There was a panic among the Berlin photographers. But the alarm was of short duration. The Emperor soon came back to the 'cut' that so many photographs had popularised, and the stock of the portraits with the moustache sold as well as ever."

Painter and draughtsman, he has shown a preference for marine or for great allegorical subjects, for example, that of the Yellow Peril, in which he showed the different nations grouped together before this danger, with a legend that ran: "Peoples of Europe, defend your dearest possessions." Did William already foresee the fall of Tsing-tao? He affects to derive pleasure from the society of artists, and he gives them numerous orders, which are, incidentally, poorly enough remunerated. Not one of his portraits has ever cost more than a thousand francs, to which he sometimes adds a decoration, which costs nothing, or a little commercial knick-knack without value, of which he has always a large supply on hand.

We must not forget that the Kaiser is also a sculptor and an architect. On the eve of the war, in June, 1914,

William designed a fountain for the town of Homburg, near Frankfort. The municipality of Homburg was about to open a competition for the plan of a statue to be erected at the Elizabeth Springs, when William chanced to hear about it. He lost no time in drawing up a design to be executed by a Berlin sculptor. This sketch represents a Greek altar with a nymph, whose open hands allow the water of the spring to spout through them. Again he also drew up the plans of the Pavilion, which is close to the Augusta-Victoria springs at Homburg. German sculptors and architects are not particularly pleased at having to compete with a rival whose chief recommendation is anything but his talent.

William often has the plans of new public buildings submitted to him, and approves, criticises, or modifies them at his pleasure without worrying himself overmuch about the opinions of specialists.

Statues of William are already to be seen almost everywhere, even in cathedrals.

Among the effigies that decorate the exterior of Metz Cathedral is the prophet Daniel, and the prophet Daniel is no other than William. An unfortunate choice; it may be that William will escape the lion's den, but will he escape the prophecy of Daniel found in the 11th chapter of his book: "His kingdom shall be broken, and shall be divided toward the four winds of heaven . . . his kingdom shall be plucked up . . ."

This painter, sculptor, architect, photographer has a

mania, the mania for costume. He does not collect stamps, but he does collect clothes and uniforms. He has enough uniforms to dress the officers of ten army corps. When he was young he was fond of arraying himself in the costumes of other periods. He loved to deck himself out in magnificent clothes of bygone days; he can be seen as a Van Dyck gentleman, as Macbeth, as Frederick the Great, and more than once he has confessed that he believes the proverb, "The coat does not make the monk," to be quite false. William believes, and wishes all those who come near him to believe, that the uniform makes the soldier. "A spiked helmet on a head," he maintains, "induces warlike sentiments to enter the soul of its wearer. A decoration pinned on to the breast makes the most peaceful heart swell with the pride of war."

Here you have the explanation of the ample distribution of iron crosses, which, in the words of a correspondent of an English journal, "are given out like cigarettes to the German soldiers on the battlefield!"

But if William has more uniforms than can be used by the largest music-halls in the world for the largest revues, he has, on the other hand, only half a dozen shirts. The reason for this penury in linen is, it appears, in conformity with a tradition of the Hohenzollerns. His shirts are quite ordinary ones and without cuffs. To adjust the cuffs he has every day to make use of an intricate system of buttons, which is a rude test to the Imperial patience.

The Kaiser is on occasions, when he can make a bargain, a collector of trifles. For him, a bargain consists in not spending money In connection with this, the Bible to be found in the Berlin Museum has a very eloquent history. The Kaiser saw it in Syria in the course of his travels. He asked permission to take it away in order to show it to some Berlin savants. The custodians refused permission. It was their duty to keep it. William did not give in. He wanted to buy the Bible. But it was valued at nearly six million francs. That was too much. William used his influence with the Sultan. The German Ambassador was a good enough diplomatist to succeed in his mission. The Bible left the mosque of Hazireh to go to Berlin. A confidential messenger conveyed it. William announced that his friends the savants were going to study the precious book. They have not finished their studies, and they never will finish them.

William reads a little; he writes a great deal. He devours an enormous number of newspapers. His eye is trained like that of a good provincial editor, who knows instantly which article he ought to snip with the scissors. William's taste lies in the direction of technical, scientific and military journals, but this does not prevent him from dipping into the comic papers that are despised by his servants. Incidentally, he is not always inclined to laugh when he finds something about himself. A few years ago he saw in a comic paper an illustration representing two soldiers during

the grand manœuvres at sentry-go near a bridge. The dialogue ran:

"Tell me, Karl, who's going to command our lot?"

"The Kaiser."

"Then we're done!"

The Emperor, who, as a matter of fact, had been beaten by General X——, found the comment rather harsh. He reflected, then cut out the illustration and sent it to his adversary with these words:

"Without ill-feeling, Wilhelm I.R."

"When an article in a newspaper," writes M. Dekobra, "arouses William's curiosity, he never fails to have a qualified expert summoned to the Palace to enlighten him on the subject. The Emperor, over a cigar and a glass of beer, then questions the Herr Doctor, who gives him all the details that he wants. It is for this reason that in the course of his cruises in Norway and elsewhere William invites on board the *Hohenzollern* people important in the scientific, military, financial or commercial worlds, who are always ready to satisfy his curiosity. Omnipotent, the Kaiser wishes to be also omniscient."

But William writes more than he reads. His autographs are without value, because they are too numerous. From morning to night he has a pen in his hand to take notes and make observations or corrections on the margins of books or newspapers, or the letters that he receives. It even happens sometimes, in the course of a review, an inspection, or some func-

tion, that he scribbles on his cuffs some brief phrases that will remind him of a fugitive impression or a new idea to be studied.

In his study, William always uses quill pens, which make his handwriting high, big and heavy. His usual notepaper is for this reason very large. On the top left-hand corner is engraved a gold escutcheon, on which emerges the black Imperial eagle with the beak and claws in vivid red. A double decoration envelops the escutcheon: first there is the Order of the Garter in blue, with this inscription, "*Honi soit qui mal y pense*," and then the collar of the black eagle. The whole is surmounted by the Imperial Crown.

On board the *Hohenzollern* the notepaper changes. It is decorated with Imperial and Royal banners, with the staffs crossed and surmounted by the inscription: S.M.Y. *Hohenzollern* (*Seiner Majestaet Yacht*).

William receives on the average from five to six hundred letters a day. Several secretaries are employed in answering them, according to their master's directions, either by hand or by typewriter. On certain occasions, William amuses himself by tapping the machine. He is very proud of his speed, which allows him somehow or other to write fifty words a minute.

Moreover, he writes with his own hand numerous and lengthy letters to his personal friends, to people of high social position, to savants, to writers, and to artists—to all, in short, whom he wishes to gratify by a special token of sympathy.

Some of his missives run to twelve, fifteen, and even eighteen pages. They are not always easy to decipher, for William, the impetuous letter-writer, writes, as a rule, under an offhand impulse and with feverish speed, abbreviating his words, clipping the syllables, overloading his text, already written and overstrained, with plans and sketches.

William is also a victim to the post-card mania. On all his travels he sends quantities of them to members of his family and to private friends. Prince Buelow, among others, possesses a collection of cards sent from Italy, each of which bears some observation or other in the handwriting of the traveller: "Beautiful weather." "Splendid view." "A charming country." "The weather is hot." This is not exactly great literature. These are not the most profound thoughts. The most insignificant employee on a holiday uses these commonplaces. But the Chancellor is none the less very proud of his collection, which, obviously, is not hawked about the streets.

But the Kaiser's triumph is the telegram. He must always have within reach, wherever he goes, telegram forms; special ones with the headlines in gold letters have been printed for him. One after the other he sends to people whose names happen to come into his head good wishes, compliments, recollections, or orders. So, as soon as William takes a journey, it is arranged in high places that certain faithful and discreet employees shall make a journey too. They are sure

to have plenty of work, and more than once William has been seen to use up all the forms that he had at hand, so great was his zeal from lack of his necessity.

A few months before the war, William made some improvements in his paper-mill. He has now an immense bluish paper bearing his monogram. The envelopes are enormous, for the paper must not be folded; they all bear this caution: "Document of the highest importance," but they rarely contain important documents. One day, William made a list of influential people more or less in touch with the Court; into each envelope, marked with the impressive inscription, "Document of the highest importance," he put a comic post-card, after which, in the middle of the night, he dispatched the missives by orderlies to his victims. Princes got up hurriedly, old Princesses jumped from their beds, officers believed in unexpected appointments. There were many spoilt nights, and William congratulated himself on having invented so original a trick. It seems that the Imperial family chuckled over it for more than a week.

I have already said that William is not a collector of stamps. He has other hobbies. We have seen that he has collected, on a chest of drawers in his bedroom, funereal objects which recall to him certain deceased members of his family. He is pleased also to enrich the Hohenzollern museum at Berlin, which contains a Kaiser William room. In this room, behind the panes

of a large glass case, laid beside costly objects of gold and silver, is a plain piece of bark about fifty centimetres in length. Surprised visitors ask why this rough piece of bark is placed in the midst of priceless specimens from the Far East and from India. A placard gives the desired explanation. One reads there: "Bark with which H.M. the Emperor, on the 27th March, 1903, in the Grunwald, attached the first temporary bandage to the broken arm of H.M. the Empress, while awaiting the arrival of the doctors."

William enjoys sentiment, but on condition that he gets some publicity out of it. So the world cannot help knowing that William once acted as a bonesetter. But one does not laugh in Berlin; one is not allowed to. The Emperor and his guard are on the watch, and their censorship is pitiless and sleepless.

One of my travelling companions on the way to Berlin had the curiosity to witness a performance of a German circus a few years ago. Some clowns performed their antics, and their dialogue extracted amazed exclamations from the audience. There was a sudden silence; the chief clown asked: "What was the favourite device of our first Emperor?"

A stripling with a mobile face grimaced, and launched this reply, which, as a matter of fact, contains a scrap of historic truth:

"I have no time to be tired!"

Applause. And now another question from the senior clown:

"What was the favourite device of our second Emperor?"

The mobile face assumed an air of resignation, and the mouth, arched lugubriously, groaned out:

"Learn to suffer without complaint!"

"Since you know so much," continued the first clown, "tell the ladies and gentlemen what is the constant maxim of our present Emperor."

The other shouted out:

"Augusta, quick, pack up!"

The house rang with applause. But the success of the little clown was of very short duration. The next day he had to groan on the damp straw of a prison, where he remained three months for the crime of *lèse-majesté*. If William has a fad for movement, is it for clowns to criticise him? Three months later, my friend was again passing through Berlin, and he saw that the same circus was there. He paid it another visit. A huge placard announced the return of "Jo-Jo," the famous clown. Jo-Jo was coming out of prison, and would return to the circus. And the same scene commenced: "What was the favourite device of our first Emperor?" The reply was the same as before. The second question had not been changed. Finally, the head-clown, with his nasal voice, begged the walking dictionary to divulge to the impatient public the constant maxim of the present Emperor.

The stripling smiled with a knowing air, then scratched his head to left and right. His eyes took on

an expression of utter perplexity, and he ended by confessing that he had known the answer three months ago, but that he had now forgotten it.

And the audience laughed heartily, for they knew very well what the first reply had been, and of what a misadventure the stripling had been the hero.

One day two Americans, who had just met in Berlin, entered the Café Bauer and began a long conversation, in which they spoke alternately of the virtues and defects of William.

One of them, not used to hiding his thoughts, declared, in the course of the conversation, that the Emperor was mad. This estimate had scarcely been made, in a very discreet tone of voice, when a policeman came up and placed the critic under arrest.

"What's that?" cried the amazed American. "You're running me in because I said the word 'mad'? It's only for that."

"Only for that," replied the policeman; "but it's what we call '*Majestäts-beleidigung!*'"

The American prepared to follow the detective, thinking that at the police office he would appeal to the Embassy of the United States, when an idea crossed his mind:

"But I was speaking of the Emperor."

"Exactly."

"Of the Emperor of Russia."

The policeman was puzzled for a minute, but he

soon recovered his equanimity and declared with conviction in his voice:

"*Nein!* When one talks of a mad Emperor, it can only be ours."

So the American, for not having sung the praises of William, had to accompany the policeman to the lock-up.

Editors of comic papers in Germany are often in trouble when they take it into their heads to caricature William. A cartoonist once had the whim to represent William as a devil with his tail knotted.

"Ah," he was saying, "I remember that I tied this knot so as not to forget."

The picture was seized, and the editor of the journal condemned to prison for three months.

In Germany servants are often able to send their masters to prison under the pretext that at one moment or another they have made a more or less bitter remark. When servants are dismissed they hurry off to the nearest police office to make a deposition according to the measure of their spitefulness.

The most typical example of what a servant's vengeance may produce is the following: An old lady, rich and highly respectable, while reading in a newspaper the list of William's numerous journeys, exclaimed: "He's a fine gadabout."

The remark was made in a private drawing-room, with the curtains drawn and the doors closed. Some days later, the lady dismissed a young groom and he

went off to denounce his former mistress. He had heard only the tittle-tattle of the lady's maid—not enough to hang a cat. For all that, the old lady was condemned to three months' imprisonment.

William is prodigal, perhaps, in sentences, in fine words which cost nothing, and in decorations which he awards, but for which the Government pays. He often performs what he considers generous acts, but he constantly makes them ridiculous by his pinchbeck and miserly calculations. His presents are seldom of any value. He has stocks always ready of objects which he buys by the gross in bazaars and manufactories, and he imagines that he is giving people infinite pleasure by presenting them with souvenirs that are considered useful. We have seen that he always has in reserve quantities of alarm clocks and watches; he has also pictures of all dimensions and on every subject. There is at the Imperial Palace at Berlin a large room especially devoted to the storing of gewgaws, from which William draws when he wishes to make one of his surprise gifts.

Towards his family the Kaiser is no more generous, and all writers of memoirs concerning him have averred that on New Year's Day and on birthdays he is so munificent as to give the Empress a dress of her own choosing, while on his children he bestows articles from his reserve store. For a long time William has given his children absurd monthly allowances, not in order to make them learn the value of money, but to avoid

loosening his own purse-strings. His only daughter, in this respect, was for a long time in receipt of five marks a month for pocket-money, and the unhappy girl had to buy with this miserable sum her postage stamps and the little gifts that she might wish to offer her parents from time to time.

The Kaiser is not a poor man. He receives every year 3,250,000 francs as Emperor, and 19,263,850 francs as King of Prussia. This last sum, more considerable than at the time of his accession to the throne, is still less by more than six million francs than the income formerly granted to the old kings of Prussia. In the month of April, 1908, William attempted to have his Civil List increased by the Reichstag. It was not his first attempt. It failed, like the preceding attempts, for in Germany William has the reputation of spending a great deal too much in building, in the purchase of properties, and in theatrical joint-stock companies.

William has known how to feather his nest. A short time ago, Herr Rudolph Martin, an authority in finance, stated that the Kaiser had about twenty-five million francs of income, arising from investments estimated at a total of five hundred million francs. William has important interests in the huge German shipping companies and in the diamond mines of German West Africa. He possesses forests and estates worth several million francs. He is a sleeping partner in divers industrial enterprises; he is the proprietor of the new

restaurant at Sans-Souci. He has a stud-farm in Eastern Prussia which brings in excellent returns. He employs intensive culture for potatoes in his demesnes in East Prussia. In Hanover he is the director-proprietor of a very considerable brewing establishment. Finally, he has established potteries at Cadinen.

In all, the Kaiser possesses about forty palaces or country residences, valued at more than fifty million francs, and his Berlin houses are valued at about twenty-five million francs. His estates are scattered about seven provinces, and are no fewer than seventy-four in number.

William is said to have sold a few years ago, in one block, half a dozen of his palaces. Was it to make a foreign investment? History is rather reticent about the details of this transaction. It is known, however, that while Germany was preparing for war William made enormous purchases of American shares. It is known that the Hohenzollern family made enormous purchases of New York bonds issued in 1914. Were these purchases made in anticipation of a forced exit from Germany? These bonds, the issue of which reaches the sum of 250 million francs, are at 4 per cent., and are in the nature of a loan for the improvement of roads and canals. The issue of these bonds was placed in adjudication by the State in January, 1914. A syndicate formed by Messrs. Kuhn, Loeb, and the Reid Company, acquired the loan by paying a premium of 6 dollars 77 cents per cent. Since

then a large part of these bonds has been transferred to the Hohenzollern family. The exact amount of these transfers is not stated, and it is unknown if the transaction took place after the declaration of war, or if the syndicate only paid such a high premium because it had a sure buyer in sight.

The bonds not having been placed on the market, the Stock Exchange was astonished, and a discreet inquiry recently led to the discovery of the huge investment made by the Imperial family of Germany. It is also said that William bought under an assumed name enormous properties in the west of Canada. One asks oneself why, instead of encouraging the industries of his own country and improving his desmesnes in Prussia, William has thought it best to invest his money in American bonds and in Canadian estates. Some people say that S.M. (Seine Majestaet—Samuel Meyer, say those who deride William and his financial aspirations) the Kaiser wished to prepare a retreat for his old age, when, without power, without a throne, hated by his subjects, who would accuse him of the death of some millions of themselves, he will be unable to live in Germany. Others assert that William's pride did not permit him to conceive so dark a future, and that the Emperor was preparing quite gently, in his own way, his conquest of the world.

William loves money in order to keep it. Giving it away is not his strong point. At the time of the burning of the Charity Bazaar in Paris he figured on the

subscription lists for a sum of 10,000 francs. These 10,000 francs did not come out of William's private purse. They came from the relief fund for the widows and orphans of German soldiers and sailors. And the famous yacht, the *Hohenzollern*, do you believe that is a great expense to William? Not a bit of it; he has had it transformed into a cruiser of the German Navy, so that it may cost him nothing.

William, selfish calculator as he is, provident for himself, a monopolist, is also an apostle of bluff; he loves to fool people. He must dazzle, startle, make himself talked about! The means of getting his effects are indifferent to him provided that the desired result is obtained. He twists and deforms facts; he torments in the same way those whom he wishes to convince.

A friend of mine who knew the famous English portrait painter, W. P. Frith, tells me the following anecdote. William was quite a child. He was in the painter's studio. Suddenly he saw that nobody was paying attention to him. He went into a corner, and, behind the curtains placed over the easels, he started coolly to carry out his little idea. He wished to make himself conspicuous. He washed his face with every colour that he could put his hands on. When there was not the slightest patch of white skin left, William rushed into the middle of the studio uttering discordant cries. Then suddenly he stopped, perfectly happy, his heart swelling with gaiety; he had produced his

effect, they were taking notice of him. But every dubious action has its dark side. William's childish love of publicity had no very agreeable result. The paint resisted all washing in hot water. Essence of turpentine had to be used, and much rubbing was necessary. The worthy portrait-painter went on to say that William, losing patience at treatment so little to his taste, began to kick him violently, after which he broke away and hid himself under a table, where he sobbed and bawled until he was speechless.

To-day William has more hypocrisy. When his manœuvres, small or great, are unsuccessful, he does not confess it, but makes a rapid change of front, and busies himself over something else.

To-day William has the mania of poverty, of famine. He asserts, and has had his assertion published, that he eats K. bread like all his soldiers. But it is known that on all his travels the Emperor is followed by twenty automobiles, some of which are kitchens on wheels. There is even a motor-car especially converted into a store for clothes and other accessories. William can disguise himself where and when he chooses.

There is also an automobile-kitchen which is, they say, a marvel and is abundantly provided with the finest and most delicate provisions. When William has an appetite he can do justice to meals prepared for him by experienced cooks. There is no more question then of the double K. bread, of potatoes cooked

in their skins, or of cakes made out of maize flour.

The Imperial comedian clings to display, he insists on it everywhere. Dr. Revilliod, honorary professor of the Faculty of Medicine in Geneva, has given us a picture of one of William's ample headquarters.

"It is at Charleville, in a house named 'Corneau,' heightened so as to be up to his Majesty's stature by plunderings from the neighbouring properties.

"When he resides here, there is a warlike splendour about the place; an army of automobiles, of white cuirassiers, of Death's Head Hussars, of generals, of ministers, of ambassadors, of footmen, is scattered helter-skelter on all sides. There are Turks, pages, Hungarian infantry, horses always saddled, trains under steam, a complicated network of telephone and telegraph wires, mirrors searching the horizon, wireless 'feelers' dodging the ether waves of the atmosphere. On the neighbouring roofs Maxims pointed towards the sky guard against the flight of great formidable birds; when night comes, powerful searchlights project their luminous rays upon the clouds, and, prudently, in the rear of three lines of trenches, a more sheltered retreat is prepared. It is at Vrigneaux-Bois, in a country house kept for hours of danger, unless they still erect, when need arises, the famous palace that can be taken to pieces. It used to be set up by a crowd of servants and workmen in a few seconds, during the early days of the campaign, so as to allow the war-

god to pass the nights of victory in a temple worthy of him.[1]

But one need not look long to find a contrast. William has been clever enough to obtain a visit at the Court of Prussia from a diplomatist of a neutral Power, and this diplomatist, either coached by the Kaiser or tricked by him, declares that the greatest sadness reigns

[1] A wounded French soldier who had been a prisoner among the Germans at Charleville saw the Kaiser several times in that town. He drew the following picture of him in the *Dépêche de Toulouse:*

"There were times, however, when, on foot, escorted only by two sharks of Ordnance officers and by his inseparable Major von Plessen, he would go to church, where he loved to direct the musical masses in honour of his good old God. On one of these occasions, in the evening of the day when I escaped from Charleville to rejoin the French Army, I found myself on the path of this Emperor, who was passing less than three yards away from me. With a high shining helmet he wore a uniform of dull greenish cloth and long gold spurs. If I had not known that it was he, I should not have recognised him. He is not a bit like his blustering portraits. My word! He would like well enough to startle the world, but his bragging is cooling off. Some people say that he is mad, agitated, wild; he seemed to me, on the contrary, cowed, drubbed, beaten. His moustache no longer rose in its insolent swagger. It is cropped and it is even believed that a part of it has been lopped off. His face is puffy and at the same time emaciated. His colour is that of yellow straw, and the doctors of these parts inform me that this is a bad sign. When this dismal gentleman passed in front of me I made him a low bow for the sole reason of avoiding hanging, for the conceited animal exacts a profound deference from civilians. Then he looked at me in a moody, anxious way and smiled nervously, disclosing a double row of gleaming false teeth. This decrepit tiger has an artificial plate."

at this Court. No more receptions, no more five o'clock teas! The number of servants has been reduced to a minimum.

The neutral diplomatist adds that the effect of the general poverty begins to be felt in the Court of Prussia. The Empress has left the Royal Palace, the vast, deserted apartments of which depressed her.

She has installed herself at Monbijou, which is an agglomeration of several houses in the old part of Berlin. For her whole suite she has only two Maids of Honour and two chamberlains (Kammerherrn). From time to time the Kaiser pays them a short visit. He comes to see if they are conforming to the necessities of the food *régime*. The life at Court has, as a matter of fact, radically altered. The meals are of unheard-of simplicity. The early breakfast of the Empress Augusta Victoria consists of a cup of tea and one boiled egg. At mid-day a soup, one course of meat and one course of cornflour, vermicelli, or maccaroni. The potatoes are served in their jackets; to remove the outer skin is to waste eatable material. The Emperor never fails to advocate the K. bread. Occasionally he compels his own people to nibble the famous war bread in public.

We must add that while we have here the story of the neutral diplomatist, special German envoys in America are discussing bitterly the blockade of the Allies, who are starving Germany. Doubtless, the

blockade has and will have results, but is not this campaign a little interested?

A household whose head has an income of millions, and who is gifted with extraordinary forethought, is not likely to suffer just yet from the economic crisis endured by the country to the point of refusing to have potatoes peeled so as to avoid losing a few grains of the precious tuber!

William knows the influence of Germans in America; he knows that Americans are capable of pity, and he has need of arousing such sentiments in order to endeavour, in his turn, to explain, on the ground of necessity, the piracy of his submarines, which sink without warning harmless merchant ships and steamers carrying women and children, while the German crews, trained in the German fashion, watch the death of their innocent victims with hurrahs of joy, with laughter, and with mocking grimaces!

The K. bread is William's present obsession. This obsession has succeeded that of being the representative of God on earth, whether in Palestine, in Turkey, in the land of Luther, or in Poland. Formerly, William's fixed idea was the coalition of the entire world—the barbarian world—against virtuous and cultivated Germany. One finds numerous traces of this obsession in the words that William has uttered more or less everywhere on different occasions, with a lack of discretion which must often have made some of his Ministers uneasy.

William has manias, 'phobias; he has also superstitions. In an inside pocket of his large grey cloak he always carries, as a mascot of war, a piece of dry four-leaved clover, for which a little perfume sachet has been made. History asserts that this talisman was plucked by childish hands in the fields of the Royal park of Kabelsburg in 1870, and people who, in Berlin, believe in the virtues of clover, hope that the leaf, so preciously preserved, will bring victory to William as it did to his grandfather in 1870 at Sedan.

This leaf of clover was gathered by the daughter of an old chamberlain named Louis Schneider. The little girl was allowed to present her discovery to the old William. When the latter returned from Sedan, he returned the clover to the child with these words: "It has brought me luck; I hope that it will bring you luck as well!"

Then the old William placed himself in front of a looking-glass and cut off one of his white locks, which he handed with the clover to little Miss Schneider.

Some years later Fräulein Schneider gave the clover to the daughter of Countess Dolma as a christening gift, and it was during an audience that the Countess and her daughter had with the Kaiserin that the clover was mentioned. The story was known to William; he reclaimed the historic clover, believing that it would lead him to victory as it had led his grandfather to victory forty-four years before. William is never without his talisman.

There is also a ring to which William attaches extraordinary value. This ring, ornamented with a toad-stone, is, they say, connected with the prosperity of the House of Hohenzollern. According to the legend, which all the members of the Royal family accept as true, the stone of this ring was placed by a toad on the bed of the Elector John of Brandenburg, father of Frederick the Great, and was afterwards worn by all the heads of the Hohenzollern family. According to the tradition of the family, the ring, at William's death, will be presented in a sealed casket to the Crown Prince, who in his turn will become its "happy holder." We use the word "happy" a little dubiously, for the reign of the Crown Prince, if he ever does reign, does not seem likely to be a very easy one.

The Kaiser is so superstitious that he attaches considerable importance to certain little things that have only the most distant connection with reality. At the present moment fear gnaws at him, a ceaseless regret saddens him, a mortal anxiety tortures him, a constant agony gives him no rest. You think, perhaps, that William is sorry to learn that his best troops have been decimated, that they have taken neither Calais nor Paris? Not at all; William fears to see the prediction of one of his own acts realised. Some time ago he had an interview with the King of Saxony, and the two sovereigns did not agree. Little accustomed to hearing himself contradicted and to seeing his will flouted, William grew angry, and in his anger knocked down,

with one of his violent gestures, a mirror. The mirror was broken. A broken mirror means seven years' misfortune, followed by the death of the breaker. William shivered in his terror. He will forget the failures of his armies, the freaks of his Crown Prince, the deaths of his favourite officers; he will never forget the looking-glass, the broken looking-glass.

But William has another fear which goes back to a much earlier date: that of the ghost of the White Lady. It is a long tale.

The apparition of the ghost of the White Lady is a signal foretelling death and disaster to the Hohenzollerns. The story of the ghost's origin is rather obscure. Some historians say that it is the ghost of Dorothea of Brandenburg, wife of the Great Elector, whom an old engraving depicts attending the funeral of her husband in 1688. The engraving represents her as dressed in white, her face covered with a white veil, and her hands buried in a sort of white muff. And from that day when a Prussian king has been ill, or when his fall has been near at hand, superstitious people have always expected the apparition of the ghost, repeating the words of olden days: "We shall soon have a White Lady—a widow—in the Palace."

According to some other historians, the spectre is in reality the ghost of a certain Countess of Orlamunde, who, six hundred years ago, says the legend, lived near Bayreuth. She assassinated her two children and committed suicide, because she was hopelessly in love with

a member of the Royal family, who refused to legitimise their union.

A fact which gives some probability to this story is that Napoleon twice had occasion to pass through Bayreuth, and that the first time, in 1812, he sent an express request from Aschafenburg urging that he should not be compelled to pass a night in the rooms of the Palace of Bayreuth, where the White Lady walked. His request was granted. The following year, when repassing through Bayreuth, he refused again to sleep in the haunted house.

The last time the White Lady was seen in Bayreuth was in 1822.

But another curious anecdote referring to the White Lady and to Napoleon dates from 1799. A sentry, who was on guard in front of the Palace at Berlin, was suddenly accosted by a tall woman dressed wholly in white. Around her neck she wore a pearl necklace, in her hand she carried an ivory stick. The soldier related the vision which had just appeared to him, and those who heard his story were so impressed that they published a little pamphlet illustrated by a "portrait" of the ghost. Shortly afterwards there commenced the series of humiliating defeats which ended in the complete submission of overwhelmed Prussia to Bonaparte.

The first King of Prussia, Frederick I, died with the conviction that the ghost of the White Lady had come to tell him of his approaching death. People claimed

to have seen the White Lady in Berlin in 1840, shortly before the death of Frederick William II, and again in 1861, before the death of Frederick William IV.

Read "Le Pèlerin," by the Vicomte d'Arlincourt, and you will find many other stories referring to the White Lady. It is impossible to reproduce them all here. The important point is that the people of Berlin are sure that they have seen the ghost of the White Lady at the windows of the Palace of Potsdam. And the Kaiser knows it. He trembles. His nights are without sleep.

William believes in presentiments, and attaches importance to dreams. He dreams. He dreams particularly on the nights preceding his birthdays, because he wishes to dream, and because he uses auto-suggestion. He seeks to dream always the same dream; he has confessed to friends that by going over several times during the day what is to be the subject of his dream, his sleep is visited by visions that he himself has evoked. And William has not been afraid to confess to a confidant that from the age of seventeen he has evoked the same dream, which was also that of old Alfred Krupp, and this dream, with which he wished to lull the nights of his birthdays, was war, the domination of the whole world by Germany.

Do not believe that I am inventing a story which shows to what extent William has willed war and wished for war. The story is true in every particular.

William has the superstition of believing that a thing dreamt during the night preceding a birthday will one day or another be realised. He admitted the year before last to his confidant that the dream dating from his seventeenth year had not yet become a reality.

To-day William should be satisfied. There are blood, atrocities, carnage; there is war. The desire which has been cherished by him for years is made good.

William likes to communicate his superstition even to children. He recommends them to follow his example, and he advises the young princes to hypnotise themselves during the day to the point of creating a sure influence on their imaginations at night.

William thinks little of the lives of his subjects, but he thinks a great deal of his own life. He dreads little indispositions that might be the forerunners of serious maladies; he is afraid of infection and epidemics. He fears that the ills from which he suffers may grow suddenly worse.

One day when he was visiting a country house where one of his relatives was living, he learnt by chance that his host's youngest child was ill. William grew pale and green, and wished to take to flight. He was reassured. The baby had a toothache. The Imperial bully endeavoured to efface the disagreeable effect of his attitude by pleasantry.

"Toothache! That isn't catching," he sneered,

"and if it were, one might catch a wisdom tooth, and that wouldn't be bad."

When William visits one of the Fronts, he is accompanied not only by his staff, but also by a troop of doctors, a regular sanitation corps, whose mission it is to see that there is no epidemic about, to see if the air is good for his Majesty's lungs, or if the dampness of the climate may not do him harm. The moment William believes that he has a cold he goes to bed, cancels all his audiences, drinks hot drinks, accepts every kind of poultice, gargle, draught, pill and cachet. He is surrounded by a thousand attentions; the vicinity of the house is swept carefully; the house is disinfected inside and out. The room of the august patient is made healthy by chemical means, and a guard keeps away from it all who have sneezed during the week before, or who cough because they have caught their breath, or who blow their noses to hide their agitation. Such people might have colds in the head or bronchitis; they are dangerous, and so they are expelled and exiled.

Diplomatists, officers, servants, who are to appear before William, should be very careful never to let him suspect that they have the slightest touch of influenza or cold in the head, if they wish not to be banished from the Palace or even from the town. When actually caught with a "malady" they must, in order to return to the presence of their master, be in possession of a certificate duly filled in by a doctor, whose

good faith is above suspicion and who asserts that no infection is to be feared and that the cure is absolutely complete.

Very often at an official reception or at some fashionable function, grave and austere citizens have been seen to disappear with a rapidity incredible in people of their age and stoutness. Where were they going? Out on the nearest terrace to stifle in the depths of their pocket-handkerchiefs what they were no longer able to repress.

In Berlin William is accustomed to take a little exercise in a covered tennis court, heated by his orders. Often, notwithstanding a temperature sufficient to hatch the eggs of an ostrich, William plays there with certain of his officers. These unlucky people, who must wear full-dress uniform, are highly honoured, but they perspire. William also rides in a place that is heated in the same way. The horse, the groom, the suite who look on, must feel themselves changed into tropical plants and living in a conservatory, but such is William's good pleasure.

The Kaiser and his suite once came to install themselves in the Palace of Bellevue, when Prince Oscar had the measles. All the trunks were repacked, and an hour later William went off to visit another of his residences. Some days afterwards he found himself in England. The doctors who had accompanied him on this journey examined and ausculated him every morning to see if there was anything to be feared from

infection. Confidence had to be inspired by bulletins drawn up with much detail and explanation. William used to read these bulletins with more impatience than a *communiqué* from his General Staff, and would compare them one with another. He had never been so well, but he was very nearly ill from anxiety and fear.

A grave question presents itself. Quite simply, it is this: Has the Kaiser ever been to Paris *incognito?* When quite young, at the time that he used to go to England for his holidays, William visited the French capital, whose ruins of Cluny pleased him more than anything else, simply because they were ruins. But the official reports make no mention of a single visit of William to Paris after his accession. And yet, ten years ago, a scandal broke out in Germany which threw some light on this very controversial question. A Strassbourg Commissioner of Police named Stephany, from fear of being attacked by the German Government, fled to Switzerland, where he published some sensational pamphlets on certain mysteries in connection with the higher German police.

In the course of one of his pamphlets, M. Stephany asserted in the most categorical fashion that the Kaiser visited the Paris Exhibition in 1900. M. Stephany gave the details. He, as well as the special commissaries of Montreux-Vieux, Novéant, and d'Amanvilliers, had received, he explains, detailed instructions on the measures to be taken in the event of William's

returning by that frontier. What makes the revelation of M. Stephany amusing is that he informs us of an extraordinary and unexpected fact: William, in the official orders, was not designated by a respectful name such as "His Majesty," or even the "Kaiser"; no, at this period, in order to christen the present Emperor of double K. bread, a simple number had been deemed sufficient. William had become No. 100.

Did No. 100 come to the exhibition of 1900? We are assured that one summer day, a retired French military attaché in Germany was walking along the Boulevard de Courcelles when, not far from the Rue de Prony, he ran across a pedestrian in whom he thought that he recognised William, whom he had approached frequently in Berlin. His stupefaction was great. In order to make no mistake, the officer passed again in front of the mysterious personage. There could be no doubt about it. The atrophied left arm was adroitly dissimulated. Our compatriot bowed, and William, after a second's hesitation, returned his greeting. Filled with curiosity the officer presented himself at the Elysée, and gave the extraordinary news to the Director of the Protocol, M. Crozier, whose face showed less surprise than uneasiness. M. Crozier begged the ex-attaché to be discreet. The ex-attaché was only moderately indiscreet.

It has also been narrated that No. 100 came to Paris several times for a reason which had nothing to do with diplomacy. Love alone guided William's foot-

steps to the St. James, a discreet little hotel in Neuilly. There resided an actress of the Odéon, young, exquisitely blonde and beautiful. Need one add that no precise detail has been given on this sentimental affair, of which historians of the future will not fail to talk mysteriously?

There appeared recently in England a book of memoirs from the pen of a well-informed lady who cannot be charged with inventing sensational revelations. What she tells, she tells soberly and with full explanations. Now, she narrates that one day, under rather strange circumstances, she had an opportunity of looking at a photograph album giving the latest movements of William.

Some of the photographs were very interesting. They proved many things. So the favoured lady had a long look at them. Suddenly, she could not check an exclamation of surprise. On the last page an unpretentious photo of a man in mufti seemed to conclude the numerous journeys of the Kaiser, and it represented William before the Arc de Triomphe in Paris.

The author of the memoirs tells us that she hastened to question the person who showed her the album, and she received this reply:

"It is indeed he. His Majesty has been to Paris more than once. There is no reason why he should not go and enjoy *incognito* a little adventure, as long as it is not known officially."

William has never been crowned. He said once that

he wished the ceremony to take place in Westminster Abbey; that is why he ordered his soldiers to take Calais; it was the first stage to London. But to-day William's desire seems further than ever from being realised, and he will doubtless have no need of striking the sudden blow that he was still contemplating recently. He wanted to make his ally, Francis Joseph, disgorge. He wanted the Crown jewels of the Holy Germanic Empire to be returned to Germany. These jewels, strange as it may seem at first glance, are not at Berlin. Formerly kept at Nuremberg, they were brought to Vienna when the armies of Napoleon I invaded Germany—and they have remained at Vienna. Francis Joseph means to keep them, but William wishes them to be returned to Berlin, for he thinks that in the Palace at Potsdam, in a special room, or under the glass cases of a museum, these jewels would look very well.

The Imperial Crown—one must go to Vienna to see it—is of Saracen workmanship dating from the end of the eleventh century, frequently restored since then, and surmounted during the reign of Conrad III with the inscription: "*Chuonradus dei gratia. Romanorum imperator aug(ustus).*

The treasure includes two sceptres, one of them of gold, of great size, surmounted by six oak leaves, the other of silver. It is believed to be of the fourteenth century. It includes also the sword that is designated by the name of the Sword of Charlemagne, dating from

the twelfth century, the alleged sword of St. Maurice, and the richly decorated Oriental sabre which the Caliph Haroun-al-Raschid offered to Charlemagne. This last is certainly the most curious item of the collection. Besides these there are rings and precious stones. All that is in Vienna; a part of the treasure, without much value, of the German Crown is at the Church of Notre Dame in Aix-la-Chapelle. William wants his treasure. It annoys him to be an Emperor without a crown.

This Emperor without a crown has, on the other hand, a marvellous throne. Tolstoy, in 1894, gave us this description of it: "William," wrote the great Russian novelist, "ordered for himself a throne of extraordinary splendour, and, dressed all in white, wearing a cuirass, helmeted, a purple cloak on his shoulders, he sits on his new throne. What passes in the brain of this German, so limited in intelligence, so ill-educated, so vainglorious in his schoolboy ideals, whose every ineptitude is regarded as a proof of talent and is noticed by the Press of the entire world? He announces that the Gospel should be imposed by force. Hurrah! Hoch! He says that his troops should make no prisoners in China, but should massacre everyone! And that they do not shut him up in a lunatic asylum! And they cry, 'Hurrah! Hoch!'"

Tolstoy was before his time in this idea! He was the first to be astonished that they did not shut up in a madhouse the Imperial German "so limited in intelli-

gence, so badly educated, so vainglorious!" Since this first verdict, specialists, chroniclers, politicians in every country have asked this question: "Is William mad?" and some of them have tried to answer it. The problem is too complex for one to be able to study it in a few rapid lines. Dr. A. Neipp, Vice-President of the Swiss Academy of Medicine, an eminent specialist in mental and nervous diseases, has given, in the *Revue de Psychothérapie*, a very good *résumé* of an opinion to which many of those who discuss the case of the Imperial patient conform.

"The Kaiser," says Dr. A. Neipp, "suffers from violent headaches and frequent insomnia. He will put an end to his days in the midst of a battle, or he will end his life in a madhouse."

Others, in order to justify an equally strong opinion, note the religious outbursts of William, and regard his case as that of religious mania mingled with an intense megalomania.

"In my opinion," William has written, "there is not the slightest doubt that God constantly manifests himself in humanity. . . . God has certainly revealed Himself to different people in different manners, and He does so still in our own days."

This "still in our own days" means much. William believes himself to be the representative of God on earth, and he invokes this God under all circumstances and in all places: "*Unser Gott*," he says, in his wish to show that Germany is the nation beloved by the

Supreme Being, and that he is authorised by the heavenly powers to perform God's work to his own profit and to the profit of the nation that he governs. Then, when it suits his policy, he becomes the head of the Mohammedans, prays to the Virgin in Poland, and, for all that, does not fear to speak in a letter to his sister of the punishment that he will inflict on Catholic miscreants whom, since the commencement of the war, he dares order to commit infamous crimes in the name of the good old German God who, in his own words, "sustains our just cause!"

Mental aberration, it is urged! If it were only that, reply some people, who hold another theory.

Listen to William, as he visits the ruins of Donchery. Dr. Ludwig Ganghofer, his confidant, is at his side, and it is he who reports the facts. They are therefore beyond suspicion. William might talk like a chief, like a tactician, or like a man whose sensibility has been moved by certain tragic sides of the war, but he does none of these. For his restrained suite, for his friend the doctor, who will be the recorder of these moments, he plays a grotesque and odd comedy.

"The union of the German people was perfect. It was," he says, "my greatest joy to have been able to see that."

And after a moment's reflection, he adds:

"If it had not been so. . . ."

He does not finish his sentence, but breathes heavily

and turns his eyes again towards Donchery, the ruins of which are already out of sight.

"Up there," says William, as he points to a hill, "up there was my father." At the side of the road is a little isolated house.

"It is here that Napoleon met Bismarck."

Between the trees of a little wood, the towers and walls of a fine country house are visible.

"That's Bellevue. It is there that my grandfather had a conversation with Napoleon."

After this debauch in historic references, the party arrives at a little spot. Behind the walls of a park is seen a pretty little country house, the objective of their trip. In the courtyard, the Crown Prince, accompanied by six officers of his staff, salutes his father.

His eyes shine with delight, for he brings his father the news of a great success won the night before.

"We made a gallant advance and took 1,200 French prisoners!!!"

This news arrives in time to cheer up the luncheon party. William finds the menu good, and says jokingly to the Crown Prince:

"One fares better with you than with me. I am asking myself if I ought not to requisition your cook!"

If William is not yet quite mad, he will not be able, they still say, to escape his inherited destiny. His ancestors were not examples of moral equilibrium. One remembers the eloquent genealogical note published

at the commencement of this study. Will William be an exception in the line of the Hohenzollerns? The English furnish a fresh case that may be cited. In the month of November, the Duke of Cumberland disappeared, and was not found until some weeks later, wandering about, having lost his memory and his reason. The Duke of Cumberland descends in the fourth line from the English king, George III, who died mad. The Kaiser descends in the fifth line from the same demented sovereign.

Shall we learn one day that William, like the Duke of Cumberland, has disappeared, and will he be found, a miserable and pitiable object, torn by the brambles on the wayside and covered with the mire of ditches?

It must not be forgotten that William is an epileptic. Towards the middle of 1891, a maid found him on the floor of his drawing-room in the New Palace in a regular epileptic fit. In June, 1892, at the time when he was paying Count Dolmar a visit at Procklewitz, he had another attack. It was brought on by fear caused by the restiveness of his carriage horses. William had a third fit in his Palace at Berlin.

If William is not mad, he is strange, odd, and fantastical, say all those who do not wish to appear too severe. See him muffled up in various costumes, the different cut of which he often invents. Watch him giving a tight handshake with his right hand loaded with rings. He wishes to give a proof of his strength. He is satisfied when the fingers that he is pounding in

a sudden grip begin to crunch, and when the face of the subject thus honoured contracts to hide a grimace of pain. He talks, emphasising as much as possible the disconcerting stare of his eyes. He wishes to strike the imagination after the manner of a hypnotist; he is anxious to an abnormal degree about the impression that he produces on people who meet him for the first time. Of women, he hastens to ask this invariable question: "Are you a feminist or a suffragette?" He has a perfect horror of suffragettes. Then he is, according to his humour, fantastic, or talkative, or silent, grandiloquent, or facetious. If he speaks, he sometimes seems to have lost control of the locks opened to his torrents of words. If he is silent, he assumes a scowling look, and his eyebrows arch themselves vindictively. If he hurls himself into one of his superb discourses he becomes excited and talks nonsense, mixes his innumerable items of knowledge, muddles his beliefs, and drowns himself in a sauce of poetic enthusiasm and bathos. If he wishes to be witty, he invents, or partly invents, what he himself is often the only one to understand, or repeats the jokes with which old almanacks are stuffed. Often at a great dinner he does all these things in turn. He astonishes by his unexpected repartees, he passes from the serious to the humorous, from the macabre to broad jokes, and to please one's Imperial host one must compose one's face so as to harmonise with the last sentence pronounced by this critic of physiognomy who, observant

as he is, notes the degree of mobility in the expressions of those whom he submits to this odd test.

Others, in order to show that William is a "little cracked," relate the caprices that he gives way to in the very heart of his Court. Suddenly he becomes inflexible, and you will see him dealing out punishments right and left. A maid of honour is in disgrace for having crossed a courtyard wearing only one glove, a crime against etiquette. As for his children, he wishes to inure them to an iron discipline, yet sometimes he is the first to induce them to violate this discipline.

Once, when she was quite young, his daughter, in the presence of a chosen companion, put a finger in her mouth, and, leaning heavily on her cheek, made, by suddenly withdrawing the finger, a particular little detonation, which she followed up with a crackling noise.

"Oh, Princess, what are you doing?" said one of her relations, who did not shock etiquette by the question. "Explain your game to us."

"That," replied the child tranquilly, "is an invention of papa's. For a whole day he taught us to imitate the kind of noise that a bottle of champagne makes when one uncorks it. With his finger forming the lever it made the initial 'Paah,' then he warbled out between his lips and his teeth the hissing and the crackling that follow, and when he succeeded in a 'Paah' that was really dry and cracking he was delighted. He laughed and said: 'That's first rate.'"

The education of a princess!

Another time, on Easter Day, William set a bad example to his offspring, whose games were usually quiet, silent, respectful alike of the antique and of the bazaar furniture. William decided that he himself would hide the chocolate eggs with which his children should regale themselves when they had succeeded in finding them. His Majesty the Emperor went from room to room, creeping about in corners, doing his best to discover good hiding-places. Outside it was raining; this customary ceremony could not have taken place in the park. Suddenly William cried out, "There it is! Now for it, children."

The children, who had been kept in a special room, hurried forward, but in the first room, without exchanging a word, they stopped. A long dark stain was flowing over the mural decoration. In the second room, in the third, and in all the others, there were the same sudden stoppings and the same astonishment. Everywhere the plinths were decorated with brown stains. William had hidden the chocolate eggs behind the pipes of the radiator.

The Kaiser knows how to amuse himself.

One still cites among the sickly manias of William that of wishing to spread panic and fear wherever he passes, and my friend Sidney Whitman, the well-known English author, tells me that he saw some time ago at the house of Bismarck, whom he knew well, and of whom he has written much that will live, a photo-

graph of the second William bearing this unlooked-for inscription :

"*Oderint dum metuant.*"

And beyond question, in tracing these three words, signed "Wilhelm," with flourishes, he did express precisely what he wished to say. But William must not rejoice too fully; this "Let them hate me, provided that they fear me," is only partially true. The opinion of the good King Edward on his nephew has often been quoted. It was born neither of hatred nor of fear. Here is an anecdote that an American published in 1914, and, if it is true, it speaks volumes of the way that William dares to behave, even with his cousins, the kings :

King Alfonso of Spain, after his last visit to Paris, went to Berlin. A great military review took place, at which King Alfonso wore the brilliant uniform of a Prussian colonel.

On his dolman there happened to be a minute coffee stain. The young King came to salute the Kaiser, and said playfully to him :

"Sire, the King of Spain, who is a German colonel, awaits the orders of your Majesty!"

"If the colonel of my regiment were not the King of Spain," observed the Kaiser in icy tones, "I should let him know that there is on his uniform a very visible coffee stain!"

What did Alfonso XIII do? His reply was not long in coming:

"That proves, sire, that the King of Spain was wrong to drop his uniform of a Spanish general, and he is going instantly to resume it."

And King Alfonso saluted, turned on his heel, and left the room.

William could see that the wish of his maxim was not fully realised.

. . . . . .

Have the readers of this book formed an opinion of the hero of all these anecdotes? Has the most statue-like of the sovereigns of to-day remained intact on the pedestal on which his own pride has hoisted him? Can William appear in the eyes of humanity as the envoy of God, the Just of the Just, to whom universal power should be granted?

No, the statue topples over, the lofty pedestal crumbles to dust! The bas-reliefs sculp themselves on the stone of the plinth, where our descendants will decipher the history of this growing century, and they will see there the violations of law, the butcheries of innocents, the Cathedral of Rheims bombarded, the torpedoing of the "Lusitania," the Canadians crucified, a thousand horrors, a thousand offences, a thousand crimes! Centuries flowing by will not wash out the blood that envelops William. The stigma will remain indelible to the end.

To the eyes of his contemporaries the comic matador

sheds his assumed solemnity. His Imperial Crown is in Vienna. They tell us that his conquering moustache is only a sham. His left arm is a marvel of science—an unjointed member which does its work like a puppet at a fair moved by strings. What is left to the War Lord? His title: that, again, is bluff and sham. The mannequin, well decked out, with the nimbus artfully arranged, is stripped and shown up in its rags. There is no Emperor of Germany, there is no Crown Prince of Germany. These are inexact terms that custom makes us use and that custom has made almost definite. The Press and the cinematograph make the mistake; the people repeat it. Emperor of Germany is a title that Rudolph, Count of Hapsburg, assumed in 1273. By the Pragmatic Sanction of 1439 the title, then borne by Albert II, was declared a perpetual appanage of the House of Austria. Francis II ended the series of Emperors of Germany when he was beaten by Napoleon, and he contented himself with being Emperor of Austria (1806). It was in 1871 that the German Confederation made of the King of Prussia a German Emperor, but not the Emperor of Germany. William I more than once imagined that he had a right to the ancient title. The veritable Emperors of Germany were, or ought to have been, the representatives of the ancient Empire of the West, the Holy Roman Empire, which is impossible for the Lutheran descendants of the Electors of Brandenburg. Moreover, "Emperor of" signifies—as is actually the case in Russia—abso-

lute Sovereign of the country and the people; the old Emperors of Germany were that in Austria, but the Hohenzollerns are not that in Prussia.

We are wrong, then, in calling William Emperor of Germany and Kaiser. And, doubtless, until the end of the hostilities, we shall continue the mistake, which may please the Imperial head because it flatters its vanity. If anyone has a right to these titles it is old Francis Joseph, shut up in his apartments far away in Schoenbrunn.

Remember this: William, the Emperor without a crown, is not the Emperor of Germany.

THE CROWN PRINCE.

If it were necessary to prove the dullness and lack of penetration of the psychological beer-topers on the other side of the Rhine, one would simply cite the estimate that, before the war, they made of William's eldest son, the Crown Prince, Frederick William, an "*unbeschriebenes Blatt*," a "page not yet written." What! This full-grown man of thirty-two, smiling perpetually, ill-tempered, restless, absurdly vain, was he so perfect or so stupid as to have gone through a third of a century without a historiographer being able to write the slightest word on the page reserved for his person, which the accident of birth has made historic? Is this blindness real or assumed? The Teutonic savants with their gold spectacles had nothing to say about the heir to the German throne. And yet the young Prince, before entering into history, has had stories—ever so many stories—to his account. They are all typical; they illustrate perfectly his personality; they make him known under his true colours. The Crown Prince is not an unknown quantity who has yet to reveal himself. For a long time in France

we have extricated from the romance of Royalty the mentality of the man who, by the will of Destiny, is not to become the German Emperor.

Let us look closely at the "unwritten page." It appeared like this to the Herr Professor beyond the Rhine, because he was blinded by his frightened respect or by his ignorance; but for all that, words, many of them, do appear on the page. Let us decipher them. We, at least, have neither devotion nor bias. We are looking only for the truth.

. . . Towards 10 o'clock at night, on May 6th, 1882, —the anniversary of the Battle of Prague, one of the most splendid victories of Frederick the Great during the Seven Years' War—a solitary pedestrian, wrapped up in an officer's great-coat, hurried across the vast courtyard which lies in front of the marble Palace of Potsdam. He was a prey to extraordinary nervousness. His head frequently turned with quick starts towards the lighted windows of the first floor. Again and again this nocturnal pedestrian stopped to get a better view of the shadows that had suddenly appeared behind the illuminated curtains. What, then, was going on behind these windows? Who was this officer, who was a prey to such visible agitation?

Suddenly a window opened and a youthful outline showed itself in the full light. A strong, joyous male voice cried out to the nocturnal visitor:

"Grandfather, it's a boy!"

The nocturnal visitor hurried into the Palace. He

The Crown Prince.

was no other than the German Emperor, William I, and he had just learnt of the birth of his grandson, the Crown Prince of to-day, our hero.

The child received the names of Frederick William Victor Augustus Ernest. His baptism was celebrated on June 11th, 1882, with the usual pomp that surrounds Imperial ceremonies. And I am not joking when I affirm that this was almost the only official ceremony at which the little Prince did not appear in military uniform.

The old Emperor William held the child over the baptismal font; the other godfathers were the Emperor of Austria, the Czar of Russia, the King of Saxony—and the King of the Belgians.

In July, Baumann, the Court photographer, was sent for, and for a whole afternoon he took photographs of his Imperial Highness, naked as a maggot, on a large sofa. The grandfather and the father of the baby decided that respect for uniform and military discipline must be very early inculcated into him who was to be the future Kaiser. That is why young Frederick William has been disguised as a soldier from the age of three. With him this was only an amusement, as with children who beg for coveted trophies in the bazaars. Amusement was to develop into a habit, then into a taste. That was exactly the prediction of old William. It was not falsified.

So, at three years old, the odd little fellow was wrapped up in a uniform and marched on parade on

New Year's Day, under the admiring and tender eyes of his great-grandfather, who exclaimed:

"Ah, the fine little fellow! He's all right! He shapes well."

Encouraged by the compliment, the child stiffened himself and, with the abrupt movement of an automaton, lengthened his little limbs that were already weary from efforts not meant for their age.

It was also necessary to think of the child's games. One may say that his very rattle was a sabre, and that he guided his earliest footsteps by the aid of a minute gun. He grew up surrounded by lead soldiers, by little cannons that discharged peas, and by every kind of plaything that had some near or remote bearing on real military science. For him the iron discipline of Imperial Palaces had concessions. He was allowed to run along the carefully raked walks of the parks with his noisy companions, to play at war in miniature; he was permitted to construct strongholds of sand, fortresses of pounded earth, and, by digging up the flower beds or grass plots sacrificed to his youthful and bellicose whims, he was able to enjoy a foretaste of the trenches of 1914.

But there was better than that in store for him. One fine morning gangs of navvies, roadmen, and masons came to work furiously in the private garden of the New Palace of Potsdam. They had been promised a good tip. All was going well. The work would be

finished within the given time. The Emperor would be pleased.

Thickets had been cut down, flower beds had been broken up. The gardeners looked on, grieved at having to assist in the transformation of a favourite corner. They dared not say aloud what they thought. They thought that the fine officers in brilliant uniforms who mixed with the workmen giving orders, making measurements, calculating, laying their heads together, were vandals. They held their tongues.

And they assisted at these amazing changes which were taking place, but at a distance. They were forbidden to approach the mysterious timber-yards. At the dinner-hour the navvies, roadmen, and masons met under a shelter, and these men did not talk. They were like mute prisoners.

Walls rose from the earth. The work continued. Gangs of new workmen came to replace the old. Some weeks later all was finished. Herr Krupp was able to make the eldest son of his Sovereign the present that he had intended for him. This present was a reduced model of a fortress, conceived on new plans which were to remain a secret.

The Lord of Essen was making the Crown Prince, who was seven years old, a present the realisation of which had cost him a hundred thousand francs. What an anecdote! William patronising this military education, Krupp generous in his capacity of contractor, little Frederick William in possession of a fort made

perfect with movable and revolving turrets—it is all Germany of to-day anticipated a quarter of a century ago.

Then he was taught to shoot at a target. But his zeal had to be stimulated. He was brought up in the hatred of France and of everything French. As yet he did not understand; he was merely under the influence of his counsellors, and it was not on an ordinary target that he perfected his skill, but on a lay figure, dressed as a French foot-soldier. It was an education carried out in accordance with carefully thought out rules. Every day, according to the marksman's progress, the lay figure was withdrawn a little further. The young Prince stuck to his game. He sneered with joy when the marker signalled a lucky hit. He counted with a zeal that must be forgiven to his child's brain the number of French soldiers that his shots had accounted for.

One day, when the conversation at the Imperial table turned on his great skill and on the poor riddled lay figure that had been pierced through and through, he cried out, in spite of the silence that was imposed on him:

"I shall finish by hitting it across the frontier."

This speech roused the paternal admiration of William, who, far from punishing his offspring for his prattling, promised him the rank of lieutenant, on account of his tenth birthday, which was close at hand.

Elated by this success, the flashy little fellow declared to his father at lunch the next day:

"I say, General, when I am a lieutenant I should like my target to be dressed as a foot-soldier of Alexander the Bear."

This new outburst was little to William's liking. He grew pale, then annoyed, and he sent the future lieutenant to bed without his dessert.

But the young Prince had scarcely left the room, it seems, when William leaned over towards his wife to express his admiration:

"That youngster is devilish witty."

The Crown Prince's childhood had much mourning in it. He was ten when he was brought to the death-bed of his great-grandfather, William I. Three months later the Emperor Frederick died, and shortly afterwards the venerable Empress Augusta, great-grandmother of the little Prince, to whom she was devoted, passed away. But these sad hours in no way lessened his petulance, his mischievousness, his love of movement and noise; his high spirits, which already occasionally went too far, and often, when he had to do with his father, amounted to irreverence and disrespect.

Frederick William was very young when one day his father, wearing the magnificent uniform of an admiral, came to ask him to take a walk with him.

"Where do you intend to go, papa?"

"Where you like."

"With that uniform?"

"Why not?"

"Oh, with your admiral's uniform we must go and look at the fish in the aquarium."

It was childishness. Childishness later on will become rebellion. The child was punished, he was whipped; later on it will be necessary to place the officer Prince under arrest.

One morning, with his brother, Prince Fritz, he entered the waiting-room outside the Imperial study. A severe Lutheran minister, who had been admitted to an audience with the Kaiser, had left his hat on an armchair. Frederick William thought that the huge headgear might provide a new diversion, which consisted in their sitting down in turn on the hat.

"Come, begin," Frederick William commanded.

"No, begin yourself, I don't want to," Fritz replied.

"You don't want to? I order you to. I am the Crown Prince, I am the master."

This discussion did not pass without noise. The Emperor came out of his study just in time to see what was the matter. He caught hold of his heir and gave him a thorough whipping, without caring about the spectators who came running in when they heard the sharp squeals uttered by his Imperial Highness. And while administering the whip to his offspring, the Kaiser said:

"You are the Crown Prince and I am the Emperor!"

Frederick William was very fond of coming into the waiting-room to stare at the visitors, for curiosity has

always been one of his greatest defects. Once he found on an armchair a crush-hat, the mechanism of which astonished him. For a long time he amused himself by working the spring, then he disappeared. When he returned a few minutes later the crush-hat was replaced on the armchair by a tall silk hat. In spite of all his efforts, the young Prince could not make it work like the preceding one. What! this obstinate hat refused to flatten out! The Crown Prince got on top of it, sat on it, and then ran away. When its owner found his property again, it was in a very bad condition.

One afternoon Frederick William was brought to Baumann's, the Court photographer's. Baumann's little son was playing among the pictures with a cane. The Crown Prince saw the cane; he took possession of it, and nothing could make him part with it. On going away he took it off with him. The Kaiser was obliged to make compensation for the theft of his dreadful child by sending little Baumann the next day a new cane with a gold head.

On May 6th, 1892, Frederick William was ten years old, and as soon as the twelve strokes of midday had sounded he was driven with his father to Potsdam, where he had been born. The first regiment of the Footguards was drawn up in review order in the great square of Potsdam, where it was in garrison. William, accompanied by the Crown Prince, his brother, Prince Henry, the Grand Duke of Hesse, Prince Albrecht, and a numerous suite, was received by Colonel von

Natzmer to the sound of a military march, as is usual in the presentation of colours. Then, the troops having been drawn up in a square, William "delivered" to the "Company of the Corps" of the first regiment of the Imperial Guard the Prince, his heir. Next, William, with a drawn sabre in his hand, pronounced an address, in which he recalled the joy he had experienced on being presented to this same regiment by the old Emperor, his grandfather.

"If the youthful age of my son," he added, "does not allow him to take part in all your military drills, it is, at all events, not his good will that is at fault."

William finished his address with these words:

"And now, my son, forward and do your duty."

Colonel von Natzmer then thanked William for the honour paid to the First Regiment of the Guards, and the regiment gave three cheers in honour of the new officer.

The young Prince took his place at the head of his half-company and William took his at the head of the regiment, of which he is the Colonel, and the regiment marched at the goose step past the Empress, who was delighted at seeing (for the first time) her husband and her son officers in the same corps. It is known that the Grenadiers of Potsdam were created by Frederick I, who wished to unite in its ranks the most famous men of his kingdom. The Grenadiers have kept up their reputation ever since. The little Prince had difficulty in keeping up with his half-company; the child's short

legs had to perform prodigies of speed to be able to follow the strides of these giants. Through pride, in spite of his fatigue, he kept up until the end, when he was presented to the officers, who vied with one another in complimenting him.

Frederick William found the ceremony a very long one, but he was happy to possess a sabre, "a real one" a foot long, which beat against his side. In the evening a great State dinner was given in his honour in the marble dining-room of the Palace. At dessert William toasted his son and his entry into the Imperial and Royal Army.

So much pomp and ceremony was bound to produce a profound impression on the mind of the child-officer. At ten years old one has inadequate ideas on obedience and discipline. There is nothing astonishing in the fact that the little fellow, proud of his uniform, sought for marks of respect and became excessively vain of his abnormal rank. If Frederick William has preserved the taste for a limitless militarism he has equally preserved the pride of his early years. He loved then to have military honours paid him by old soldiers, and he, little child as he was, would harangue these veterans in his childish voice, calling them "my children."

One day a phonograph was brought to the Palace. It was the first to arrive in Germany. It was for the Emperor. The Imperial Family was delighted with it. There was also an apparatus for making records. The children were on their good behaviour. It was

decided that each of them should register his own record. Prince Adalbert wished obstinately to have precedence in the little game. His whim was humoured. He approached the apparatus, and, while the gear went round, he cried with all his might:

"I want a little horse! I want a little horse!"

They laughed; then came the turn of Frederick William. You think, perhaps, that he asked for a big horse, an elephant, or a giraffe. He drew himself up, puffed out his youthful chest and assumed a martial air as if the record could also reproduce later on his attitude, then firmly, resolutely, he began to sing the German war song.

"Bravo," exclaimed his father.

His mother also was filled with pride. What a charming family picture!

At this time tutors and governesses came one after the other to the Palace. The Crown Prince and his younger brother, Eitel Frederick, worked under the immediate supervision of William and his wife. Soon afterwards they were given as tutor Commandant von Falkenhayn, whom, aged, tottering and neurasthenic, we shall find to-day loaded with the highest military dignities.

At the age of fifteen the Crown Prince had a new tutor, Lieutenant-General Denies, and he was sent with his brother to the school of Ploen, near Kiel in Schleswig-Holstein, to receive a military education, while at the same time continuing his classical studies. It is

said that William, disagreeably impressed by his own school life, determined that his children should never undergo, as he himself had undergone, the yoke of implacable scholastic routine. On leaving Ploen, the Crown Prince returned to Potsdam, where, for a year, he went through his practical military training as a lieutenant in the 1st Regiment of the Foot Guards. After this stage he went, like his father before him, to finish his education at the University of Bonn.

He remained there for two years—that is to say, until his majority. Three times a week he attended the course of lectures in German literature, history and law. At home he received lessons in French, English and the violin.

M. Chancel has left us a description of the Crown Prince's stay at Bonn:

"Colonel von Pritzelwitz, aide-de-camp and tutor, is present at the lessons. He is charged with the delicate mission of following the progress of the pupil and seeing if sufficient attention is paid to the instruction of the professors. In the modern language courses, the lessons are conversational on subjects of an advanced nature, for the Prince speaks English admirably and French very fairly. His teacher in this last language is M. Gauffinez, *licencié ès-lettres*, who came to Bonn some years ago for his health and who was offered a lectureship at the University. He accepted this after having taken his Doctor's degree in the German language. As for the violin lessons, it is the Empress who

has taken care that her son continues this accomplishment, which, as a matter of fact, he has mastered very well, with an unavowable preference, he says, for light music.

"After having consulted the curriculum, I easily discovered that on Monday, at 11, the Crown Prince would attend a Law lecture. I determined to be there. It is well known that the Crown Prince is punctiliously exact, and the academic quarter of an hour of usage (granted before the commencement of a lecture) had not passed before I saw a vehicle pull up in front of the principal entrance of the University.

"It was an ordinary cab, taken at the Kaiserplatz stand, in which were two young people wearing the white caps, with silver braid, that are the privilege of the Borussians.[1] It was the Crown Prince and one of

[1] "The Borussia is one of those mediæval associations formerly under arms, such as the Teutonia, the Rheinonia, whose traditions groups of students endeavour to renew. Its insignia are a black and white scarf and a white cap with silver lace. Its motto is *Virtus fidesque bonorum corona.* It was the good fortune of the Borussia to be chosen by the Royal and Imperial princes as the privileged society whose numbers they had elected to enter. The first who solicited this honour was Prince Frederick Charles in 1846, then the Emperor Frederick in 1848–9, finally William II and the present Crown Prince. The statutes are essentially private and cannot be divulged. One knows merely that in order to belong to this noble association one must enjoy an income that can be placed at about 50,000 marks guaranteed by the family. In addition to this, certain titles, either of the nobility or of the notable *bourgeoisie,* are necessary, and it is clearly understood that there must be no Jews. Their headquarters is a

his friends, who were arriving from a *brasserie*. The Prince opened the door of a cab, jumped out followed by his dog, and paid the driver. He was wearing a serge check suit and tennis shoes with indiarubber soles.

"After a few salutes under the vaults he was in the lecture-room, having left at the porter's lodge the little fox-terrier, who showed his displeasure by barking noisily. The amphitheatre was three-quarters full; the entrance of the Crown Prince made no sensation; everybody took his place, and I saw in the last row a young man, who made a sign to the Prince. It was Lieutenant Baron von der Goltz, whose duty it was to accompany the Crown Prince at the lectures and to keep his place for him. As soon as he saw his officer the Prince strode quickly up the steps and took his place."

M. Chancel noticed that the Professor commenced his lecture without addressing the Imperial pupil. There was no preamble: "We have seen in the last lesson articles 12 and 14 of the law on Succession, it remains for us to study . . . ."

The lecture finished at midday, and the departure passed without ceremony, with familiarity even, as the entrance had. There were a few bows, and the Prince, followed by his little fox-terrier, now set free, made his way to the Hotel Royal alone, with his hands in his

splendid house situated at the end of the Kaiserstrasse, and looking out on to a park. The interior is a curious mixture of German taste and beautiful souvenirs."

(JULES CHANCEL, *L'Illustration*, 10 Août, 1901.)

pockets, happy to be for a moment an anonymous pedestrian, and to be free from importunate surveillance. But his liberty was of short duration, for "in front of the door of the Hotel Royal," M. Chancel relates, "the sentry placed there while the Prince was in residence presented arms on his arrival, and the young man, suddenly stiffened by this recall to militarism, became the next instant a Prussian Prince. His step became automatic, his glance judged the fifteen regulation paces, and it was with a mechanical gesture that the youth returned the salute of this soldier as he ascended the staircase."

The Crown Prince was apparently pleased with the radical change that was taking place in his life. He had given up uniform and authority for liberty. He made no complaint, but he discovered that in his comparative independence there was nothing exciting and no place for initiative. Everything was minutely regulated, and when he emptied his mug of beer it was, so to speak, under his father's orders. What the other students, his comrades, did with the full gusto of youth, he, the Prince, had to do methodically in accordance with a programme that had not been drawn up by him.

At the students' meetings *(Kneipen)* one must drink at the order of the senior (President) or of the Senior Fuchs (Chief of the *Fuechse*, or students of the First Year). The regulations are formal. The absorptive power of a German student, particularly if he is a Borussian, is extraordinary; the Crown Prince was

frightened of it, and declared that he would content himself with being an onlooker at these bouts, to which his princely stomach was scarcely equal.

None the less, it was his duty, together with his comrades, to make the acquaintance of all the *brasseries* of Bonn, where, in the smoke-laden atmosphere, discussions, and sometimes even insults, were exchanged. He took part in the picking of stupid quarrels which ended in duels, and particularly in those scars of which German students are prouder than they are of classical diplomas. As for him, he fought no duel. His high rank forbade him to expose his face to the cuts of sabres; besides, his impulsive, adventurous disposition is not pugnacious if it is a matter of fighting personally. He liked duels because only others risked their skins; he loves war, because it is only others who get killed. During the uproar, in the midst of a drunken riot, he preserved, by his father's orders, a haughty tranquillity and a self-satisfaction that was occasionally amiable. Bèfore coming to sit on the benches of *brasseries*, he has tasted too much pomp and splendour not to know that he was going through a mere period of transition. He had neither the taste nor the desire nor the right to go to extremes in debauchery. He honoured, to a certain extent, the *brasseries* by his presence, already adopting the nonchalant and fatigued mask that he carries with him to-day here and there at the mercy of his caprice, and, one may well believe, of his disgrace.

To continue his education and to prevent his being bored by so much uniformity, William decided to send the Crown Prince to England. There he was received by the highest society, and he enjoyed himself immensely. English society has always possessed the secret of receptions that are adroitly graded. Prince Frederick William was surounded by tokens of homage which could not fail to appeal to him. Deference and discretion had a happy effect on him after German exaggeration and obsequiousness. Moreover, in London the Crown Prince could enjoy a fair amount of liberty.

One evening he went alone into an obscure tavern in a low quarter of the town, got into a quarrel with some intrusive drunkards, and was on the point of coming to blows, if not to something more! With a quick gesture he had already thrown off the overcoat that cramped his movements, and was going to throw aside the dinner jacket, the cut of which caused surprise in this den. But his bodyguard, who had sworn to bring back to William his offspring safe and sound, were not far off. The affair was over, the police had rushed in, invaded the smoky tavern and forcibly carried off the Prince in his shirt-sleeves and in a very bad temper. A pity, perhaps. One good blow, well directed by an East-End hooligan, would doubtless have changed the course of events throughout the whole world.

If Frederick William had been consulted, he would have remained a long time in England, a very long

time. The ladies there were charming, and the young girls delightful. But the Emperor had no intention of allowing his heir to acquire too much taste for the pleasures of England. He made him return to continue his student life at Bonn.

The Crown Prince left the Hotel Royal to take up his quarters in a large house, in the style of the Renaissance, which was known locally as "The Student's Palace." This house had been bought a short while before for 450,000 marks by the Emperor to serve, in the first place, for his son and afterwards for all the Princes of his family who were summoned to go through their student stage at Bonn.

M. Chancel has given us a description of "The Student's Palace":

This almost brand new estate was built in 1870; there is a very pretty view from it of the Rhine and the mountains. On the ground floor is a drawing-room of ordinary dimensions, a Gothic dining-room, and an English study in which the *modern style* prevails. On the right is the staircase, on the left a kind of hall. The right section of the first floor comprises the rooms of the Prince's suite, all of them provided with a sort of small drawing-room. The Prince's bedroom takes up the left corner; it is quite simple, and is extended by a sort of closet in which a bed is to be found. In a turret there is a bathroom and a winter garden; the stables accommodate ten horses; there is a saddle-room and accommodation for six carriages.

Re-installed at Bonn, the Crown Prince showed less inclination than ever for student life. His pride, sharpened by the recollection of the charming reception he had received in England, quite stiffened at the contact with the daily life that they wished to impose upon him. It is at this period that he learnt—presumptuous youth that he was—to recite by heart this long tirade, which he seemed to splutter out successfully enough:

"Later on I shall be Margrave of Brandenburg; Burgrave of Nuremberg; Count of Hohenzollern; Sovereign of the Duchy of Silesia and of the shire of Galatz, Grand Duke of the Lower Rhine, and of Posen; Duke of Saxony, Westphalia, Engern, Pomerania, Luneberg, Holstein, Schleswig, Magdeburg, Bremen, Guelders, Cleves, Juliers, Berg, Krossen, Lauenburg, Mecklenburg; Duke of the Wendes, Kassoules, Landgrave of Hesse and Thuringia, Upper and Lower Lusatia; Prince of Orange, Lord of Rügen, Friesland, Paderborn, Pyrmont, Halberstadt, Münster, Minden, Osnabruck, Hildesheim, Verden, Kammin, Fulda, Nassau, Moers; Princely Count of Henneburg, Count of the Marches, Ravensburg, Hohenstein, Tecklemburg, Lingin, Mansfield, Sigmaringen, Veringhen; Lord of Frankfort. . . ."

While reciting from Gotha, this future which he regarded as certain, the Crown Prince would inflate his voice and throw his head back arrogantly, which was not overburdened by the prodigality of so many titles, of

so many crowns. But his princely vanity clashed more than ever with that spirit of equality which is so desirable at the meetings of students of the same age. One day the Prince openly revolted against custom; he refused to submit to a trifling penalty imposed by the inflexible statutes. He offered no apology to the President of the Club; without permission he left Bonn, arrived in Berlin, and went to weep over the uniform of his father William. It is said that the latter, who was not displeased to see his offspring placed under strict discipline—were it even the absorption of some mugs of beer, provided that the beer was German—urged his heir to resign himself and submit, adding that he himself—and he laughed at the recollection—had in old days shown more obedience and respect on similar occasions. And this evoked in William's memory many drinking bouts and scenes of uproar towards which he had sometimes perhaps a feeling akin to nostalgia.

But the Crown Prince's visit to his father was not only to make the complaints of a student. The complaints might have been made by letter, telegram, or special messenger; they did not necessitate a journey. There was something else. The young Prince was going to show himself in his true colours. His inflammable heart had just caught fire. It was the first time. The story was a serious one. The fire had made serious ravages.

At the house of a duchess in England, during the recent holiday that had been allowed him, the Crown

Prince had met a young girl of great beauty. The Prince had flirted, then, growing bolder, had risked a declaration. He was young then, and nothing seemed to him more beautiful than mutual love. To love and to be loved! Fie on the vainglories of this world; a heart and a hearth, such was the dream of the moment. There was no more Crown Prince, no more Imperial throne, no more paternal severity! He wished to be happy; he knew that he could be. Happiness was within his reach; he made up his mind to seize his moment.

Happiness was a certain Miss D——, an American. She was young, and possessed a melancholy beauty. She had been very unhappy. Her father, when at Cannes, had killed a secretary of an Embassy. Set at liberty, before the expiration of his sentence, he had ended his days in a lunatic asylum. This sad story touched the heart of William's son.

But before him the duchess had felt compassion for the innocent victim of such great misfortunes. She wished to see this face, that reflected so much sadness, smile again. She wished to give this young girl a new taste for life. She took her under her wing in the best English society where she would meet Prince Frederick William Ernest Victor of Hohenzollern. There were smiles and glances, commonplace words, and then, becoming enterprising, the amorous Prince made an avowal. He spoke of love, violent, irresistible love.

. . . .

But the young girl belonged to a race with whom poetry is in perfect accord with the practical.

"Monseigneur," she stammered out, her face lit up with all the charms of candid emotion, "Monseigneur, I love you, as you love me. But," she added, lowering her eyes modestly, "Monseigneur, I must ask of you marriage, not a secret morganatic marriage, as is sometimes the case among those who seem ashamed of loving each other openly, but a legal marriage, an open one of which the Court and Chancelleries shall be informed."

It was an ultimatum. The Prince asked for three days to reply to it. When the three days had passed, he said solemnly to the lady:

"Here is the pledge of my faith; here is our engagement ring. It is sacred. It is a gift taken from her own finger by my great-grandmother, Queen Victoria, and she made me swear never to part with it except to her who was to become my wife. . . ."

The Prince paused to give more effect to his concluding words: "This oath I took. This ring I give to you. . . ."

He placed the ring on the young girl's finger.

Now, while William, after listening to the lamentations of his student son, exhorted him to patience and submission, he noticed that the young man had no longer on his finger his great-grandmother's ring.

"Where is your ring?"

That was precisely the point that Frederick William

wished to come to, but he would have preferred another way of broaching the subject. He faltered out his love story. He had not the persuasive eloquence that he had vowed he would have. He hung his head sheepishly to avoid the paternal eyes, now full of anger, and his voice became more and more hesitating. From time to time he stopped speaking; he had not the nerve to continue. But the judge gave his inflexible orders:

"Go on! Tell your story! And then?"

And then? After the confession the Crown Prince was ordered to return at once to Bonn, and wait there till further orders.

All this time, in England, in the midst of the delights of the season, she who believed herself already German Empress lived happily. She had as yet no suspicion that the whole story was only a dream—a bad dream. William the father, however, wasted no time in cruelly disillusioning her.

She had pledged her faith without afterthought; she was sincere, and her confidence in the man who had sworn eternal love to her was great. Her dreams were not speculative ones; she spoke of very near realities, and she opened her heart fully to the duchess, her guardian and confidante. There was neither self-interest nor vainglory in her plans for the future. The duchess encouraged her to have confidence in a destiny which no clouds seemed to threaten. Had not she herself married a duke? Her *protégée* might very well marry a prince, a future emperor!

To crown all this, there was the encouraging recollection of the gift of the ring, which never left the young girl's finger. She regarded it as an alliance in itself. It was her most precious possession. She was more attached to it than to life.

Already she was preparing for the joys and honours of the near future. She was preparing herself by a carefully thought-out and painstaking apprenticeship. All her days were devoted to the studies that would make her an accomplished princess. She soon became proficient in making the most profound curtsies; she made herself acquainted with all the rules of precedence and the genealogies demanded by etiquette. Then she studied the history of her future country: she memorised dates in that history, and acquired some slight knowledge of German literature and science. She studied the statistics of the country, and, to crown all this knowledge, she read and re-read all the anecdotes and all the witticisms connected with her Teutonic hero. She was quite prepared. Her confidante assured her that she could pass the most difficult examination; failure was impossible. Already she had reached the point to which chance and then her own will had raised her, when the disfavour of William the father declared itself for the first time.

An aide-de-camp, with all the diplomacy of which he was capable, brought the Kaiser's message. The ring? Well, yes; the ring was not what one might believe it to be; it was not an ordinary ring—a mere engagement

ring. It was very much more! It was very much better! This ring had not been given to the young Prince by Queen Victoria, who was then living at Windsor. This ring had been presented to the German nation, to the dynasty of the Hohenzollerns. That made an enormous difference! The young Prince whom the Queen had desired to be the guardian of the ring, as sealing a union between England and Germany, had not understood the importance, the utility, the aim, the destiny of what it was his duty to preserve with rigorous fidelity. His action had not been in accordance with the historic value of the object. He had given it away wrongfully. This inconsiderate action must be revoked.

But to these explanations the young girl replied that a ring which could seal a union between England and Germany could very well also unite two young people who loved each other; that the custodian had made the use of his treasure that he had been permitted to make, and that, in any case, he ought to know what he was doing. The aide-de-camp had fulfilled his mission. He withdrew, much upset at having to return to his Royal master without having succeeded in his task.

At Bonn, while playing tennis with youthful ardour, and appearing to submit to the desires of his father, the Crown Prince had not forgotten his London adventure. It was more to him than a passing memory; he cherished the hope of being able to conquer paternal opposition, and he managed more than once to assure

the lady, who still possessed the gold ring, the pledge of his faith, that he had not forgotten her, and that he would never forget her.

Consoled through these trying days by so many promises, the young American determined to oppose strenuously the desires of William, for, with feminine intuition, she had no doubt that the Emperor would return to the charge.

She was right about that. The emissaries came one after the other, always more elevated in rank and more pressing. The arguments, that they had wished to make persuasive, changed in tone. The voice that had been gentle at the commencement grew sterner. One tried less and less to convince, and more and more to intimidate. One had recourse to the nobility, to the clergy, to the Royal family.

And it was weariness of all these intrigues, all these threats, that undermined the young American's resistance, and, perhaps, also, something of her love. She had no more strength to fight. A victory, dearly purchased, would certainly not guarantee her any possible peace for the future. It would be better to renounce all—dreams, fortune, everything that one had believed of love. The ring was looked at for a long, long time. It had been the ephemeral promise of a whole happy and brilliant life. Another would wear it. Destiny must be accomplished . The ring was handed over to the representative of William the father, and the girl wept. . . .

William the father triumphed. The contest had been a warm one. He had won. It only remained for him to busy himself with his son of the inflammable heart. He surrounded him with still stricter discipline at Bonn. He refused him permission to take part in the coronation of King Edward. He forbade him to set foot on the dangerous soil of England. He dispatched him, during the next holidays, with an escort of elderly officers to travel in Lorraine for purposes of study. The Crown Prince, ten years before the present war, came to study the battlefields of 1870, particularly those in the neighbourhood of Metz and Strasburg.

And the Crown Prince was influenced by this. He forgot the story of the ring, he forgot that he had been in love, and he became once more the indifferent, nonchalant, and at the same time impulsive, Prince he was before.

One day in Silesia, the postmaster of a village near the Palace, where the Crown Prince stayed during short holidays, took him by chance into his confidence.

The Prince had come to buy some stamps, and the postmaster, taking him for a customer disposed for conversation, began to complain of the increase of work that every Imperial visit gave to the post office.

"But," said the Prince, "doubtless you get extra pay?"

"Not a pfennig," replied the postmaster, "and you

have no idea of the sorting that we must get through, and particularly of the loads that the postmen must carry to the Palace."

Without making himself known, the Prince went away. But some hours later he returned to the post office, in uniform this time, accompanied by all his friends and followed by numerous servants.

"I have come," he said with a smile to the astonished postmaster, "to get the letters for the Palace. We want to give your postmen a little rest."

Another time, when taking a walk in the neighbourhood of Stettin, he was accosted by a schoolgirl, who presented him with a slightly faded rose. Always very appreciative of the least attention, the young Prince accepted the flower most graciously, and put it in his buttonhole. But noticing, after ten minutes' walk, that he had lost it, he retraced his steps to look for it, remarking to his companions:

"If the young girl who gave me that rose takes the same road as ours and happens to find it, she is sure to believe that I despised her kindly present. She would be rightly offended, and if by chance she were to meet me in the future she would have no longer the same gracious air."

If the young Prince was fond of joking and gallantry, a little pin-pricking did not altogether displease him, even when his terrible father was the object of his gibes.

One evening while he was flirting in Switzerland, he

said to his companion as they skated together in the moonlight:

"How beautiful the stars are."

And when the young woman observed a star more brilliant than the rest and asked its name, the Crown Prince, remembering having often heard his father solemnly proclaim "Gott mit Uns," answered with a smile:

"I'm not quite sure about the name. But it must be a new decoration given to God by my father!"

In 1900 the Crown Prince received the rank of major and left the Imperial Palace to install himself in Potsdam. Henceforth he had his own house, his own officers. He was independent. On his return from Bonn he let this fact be seen clearly enough. He began again the story of England, with slight variations. He was in love, madly in love. It was happiness itself. He wished to sacrifice everything to this happiness.

Once more the woman that he loved was an American.

She was Miss Geraldine Farrar, the famous singer, who was then appearing at the Berlin Royal Opera House. He loved her to madness; he was ready to give up his prerogatives and his crown if only she would marry him.

Miss Geraldine Farrar had already conquered Berlin two years earlier, and, congratulated by the Kaiser himself, she had paid no attention to the gossip which put her out of Imperial favour. This time at

least the son showed himself energetic. He hoped doubtless that his personal advantages and the prestige of his rank would allow him easily to attain the goal of his desires. He begged, supplicated, promised everything, promised what was not even asked for; he offered marriage and offered it persistently.

But Miss Geraldine Farrar left one fine morning for far-off America. William the father is said to have been not altogether ignorant of this hurried flight. The Crown Prince was furious, and sulked for a little, developed a slight melancholy, but not for very long, after which he forgot the singer just as he had forgotten the débutante.

But the Berlin booksellers cunningly exhibited very conspicuously for some time in their windows three photographs, that of the father, that of the son, and that of—the singer.

These two adventures and some others, which remained more secret, gave the father and mother of this too easily inflamed young man the idea of marrying him. The little game of matrimonial combinations began. They searched the pages of Gotha, and passed in review every princess of from eighteen to twenty worthy of becoming one day German Empress. Little stress was laid on the personal tastes of the Crown Prince. Rumour engaged him successively to Princesses Hildegard and Annunziata of Bavaria, Alice, Margaret, Patricia of Great Britain, Ena of Battenberg, Thyra of Denmark, Beatrice of Saxe-Coburg,

the Infanta Marie Thérèse, Alexandra and Olga of Cumberland.

The year 1904, which was to bring great changes into the life of the Crown Prince, began badly. Never had the relations between father and son been so strained. A few days after the New Year festivities the Crown Prince was placed under arrest. The story goes that he said straight out to his father:

"As a lieutenant in your army, I owe you obedience in military affairs, but, as a German citizen, I have the right to hold what opinion I choose."

It is even said that he went so far as to remind the Kaiser of his own conduct towards his father.

And the Crown Prince was not only put under arrest, he was also punished. The Kaiser forbade him to attend the wedding of his old tutor and a lady of the Court; he forbade him to sit to a painter who was at work on his portrait; he did not invite him to a great reception in honour of Professor Drygalski, the chief of a German Polar expedition. The tension between father and son was so great that officers who visited the Crown Prince frequently fell quickly into disgrace.

The Kaiser had forbidden his son to take part in steeplechases. The Prince took no notice of this veto; he took part in a race meeting against the orders of the commander of his regiment. The affair would doubtless have been without consequences had not an illustrated paper published a photograph showing the Crown Prince at the starting post. The paper was

shown to the Kaiser. The colonel lost his regiment, and the Crown Prince was once more placed under arrest.

The Kaiserin, from maternal love, often took her son's part, but she was very much distressed by the freaks of a disposition the instability of which might have such disastrous consequences. An incident—or rather an accident—occurred which slightly modified this state of things. The Crown Prince was thrown from his horse at a military review; he might have been crushed, but he was only severely bruised. The same evening, the Kaiser came to make it up and offer his pardon. He visited his son in his bedroom, and kept him company. . . .

Meanwhile, the matrimonial suppositions continued. But they were all false. Reasons of State could have no influence on the Crown Prince. He wanted a marriage of the heart. He got what he wanted. He himself chose his *fiancée*, and did not go out of Germany for her. It was quite a romance.

The year before, during a two weeks' visit to Altona, at the house of the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, the Crown Prince, forgetful of past dreams, fell in love with that Prince's sister, the Duchess Cecilia, who was then seventeen. The young girl was sentimental as a German, engaging and entertaining as a Russian, *spirituelle* and penetrating as a Frenchwoman, all in one. In fact, the Duchess was a thorough German, but her mother, the dowager Grand

Duchess Anastasia was a Russian, the daughter of the Czar's great uncle, the Grand Duke Michael Nicolaievitch, while her parents' long residence in Cannes, where her father tried to regain his health, and where her mother spent many winters, had contributed no little towards giving her a certain taste for everything French.

M. Charles Giraudeau writes: "Long rides in the shady avenues of the park were not passed exclusively in admiring the landscape, and the evenings during which the young Duchess accompanied the Prince, who was an excellent violinist, at the piano, certainly left them a few minutes in which Mozart and Beethoven were not the sole topics of conversation. The fact remains that when he went away, the Crown Prince left his heart behind him in Altona and brought with him a promise of the Duchess. Both were certain that their parents would ratify later on the engagement by which they were henceforth bound. But their secret remained well guarded, and when winter came and the Grand Duchess Anastasia and her daughter arrived in Berlin to attend a Court ball, the frequent visits of the Imperial Prince at the Hotel Kaiserhof, where they stayed, were scarcely noticed."

So, just as in the English adventure, just as in the case of the singer, the Crown Prince had given his word in secret. "During this time," continues M. Giraudeau, "the Imperial family and the Ministers were busy looking for a *fiancée* worthy of the Crown

Prince among the reigning families. Prince Henry, his uncle, the Czar's brother-in-law, through his marriage with Princess Irene of Hesse, was in favour of a Russian Grand Duchess; the Emperor, they said, was the partisan of an English alliance, and, failing the daughter of the Duchess of Albany, who had married the preceding year, of whom he had thought for a moment, he proposed the daughter of the Duke of Connaught, who was just eighteen. Count Buelow, Chancellor of the Empire, proposed Princess Olga of Cumberland, and laid stress on the advantages of this union, which would have assuaged all the bitterness of the dethroned heir to the kingdom of Hanover, titulary *in partibus* to the Duchy of Brunswick. The Crown Prince said nothing, but devoted himself to his duties as captain in the 1st Regiment of the Guards, acquiesced in the project of a voyage round the world on the cadet-training ship the *Charlotte*, and allowed himself to be married by the newspapers to a young American, with whom he had been seen talking at the Hotel Kaiserhof, until the day when he judged that the moment had arrived for unburdening himself to his parents, whose consent he received immediately.

The engagement was not long in being officially announced. From Altona, the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin addressed, on September 1st, 1904, the following proclamation to the population of his Duchy:

"I am very happy to announce to the Ministry of the Grand Duchy that my beloved sister, the Duchess Cecilia of Mecklenburg, is to-day affianced to the German Crown Prince, with the consent of the Grand Duchess, my mother, and of myself. I hope that it will please God that this union, over which, I am sure, there will be rejoicings throughout all Mecklenburg, will receive the benediction of my late beloved father.

"FREDERICK FRANCIS."

"And," says M. Giraudeau, "love here was ahead of the desires of diplomacy. By his marriage with the Duchess Cecilia of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, Prince William of Prussia, heir to the Imperial throne of Germany, drew closer, as his uncle Henry wished, the lines already uniting the Hohenzollerns with the Romanoffs, while at the same time it almost satisfied the diplomatic combinations of Count Buelow, since he became the brother-in-law of her whom the Chancellor had destined to be his *fiancée*, the reigning Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin having married the second daughter of the irreducible Duke of Cumberland. Better still, this marriage would make him the brother-in-law of the future King of Denmark, Prince Christian, eldest son of the heir-apparent, who had married the elder sister of the Duchess Cecilia." One must add to this list the fact that the young Princess was the sister-in-law of Princess Maud of England, and niece of the Prince Consort of Holland.

The announcement of the Crown Prince's engagement to the Duchess Cecilia was enthusiastically received in Germany; numerous tokens of congratulation reached William the father. His son was placed, and well placed! What a lucky windfall!

The two young people, even before their marriage, were in Italy together. Frederick William made his *fiancée* visit Florence. It was a delightful excursion, quite in the American way, that of these two young people in love. In the day they would visit museums or drive about the neighbourhood. At night, when the Princess had retired to her own apartments, the Crown Prince, who, in spite of everything, could not forget his ideas of independence, would betake himself to the *brasserie* Gambimus, and evoke there the memories of the *Bierabend* in the University of Bonn. A curious mentality! The Prince had disliked drinking at Bonn, he liked drinking in Florence.

One evening in this *brasserie* an amusing incident occurred. The Prince, accompanied by a friend, was quietly taking a glass of beer when a young Florentine sculptor who, of course, had recognised him, took out his sketch-book and began to make a rough sketch of his Imperial Highness. The Prince saw him, asked for a pencil, and in his turn made a sketch of the sculptor. Before leaving the *brasserie* the two artists approached each other and exchanged sketches. The Prince having glanced at the one presenting his own silhouette, was so pleased with it that he went the next

day to the sculptor's studio to order a bust of himself destined for his *fiancée*.

The story was soon known throughout Florence, where, as long as the Crown Prince stayed there, the sculptor's studio did not lack sitters. On returning from their travels in Italy, the young people visited Baden-Baden. One evening, in the concert hall of the Hotel Stephanie, they were present at a concert given by Hungarian gipsies. After listening for some moments to the frenzied czardas and to languorous waltzes, the Prince suddenly left his place, entered the circle formed by the men with red dolmans, took a violin from the hands of the chief of the orchestra, and commenced a fragment that he knew to be particularly dear to his *fiancée*.

And for an hour he played, played with his whole soul, with passion, with frenzy, with tenderness, while the loved one, deeply moved, watched him, and while people staying in the hotel were considerably amused at this unexpected change in the programme.

The Duchess Cecilia was a charming, but occasionally an exacting *fiancée*. A letter from her future husband must reach her every morning, even when they met every day. One day, it was a little before Christmas, Frederick William, who had gone to shoot on his Oels estates in Silesia, neglected to write. His *fiancée* immediately sent him a severe reprimand with the order that he should dispatch two letters the next day. The love missives were not as a rule entrusted to

the post office. An old soldier, who had grown grey in the service of the Imperial family, spent his whole day in acting as postman between the two young people. The employees of the Berlin railways were quick to notice the unwearied traveller, and, guessing the object of such great zeal, they soon called him "Cupid's Messenger."

The marriage of the Crown Prince and the Duchess Cecilia was celebrated with much pomp in the month of June, 1905.

Numerous ceremonies took place. It was necessary to rouse the imagination of Berlin. The *fiancée* made a triumphant entry into the capital. The Crown Prince marched at the head of the first company of the Grenadiers; next came a gilt Court carriage in which were the Kaiserin and the Princess Cecilia. Eight black horses drew, at a very slow pace, the carriage, which was surrounded by pages dressed in blue and silver. The Emperor awaited his future daughter-in-law at the foot of the great staircase in the Palace of Bellevue.

For the first time in his life, the Kaiser, in his haste to see celebrated a union which pleased him, forgot a military formality. When the Princess alighted from the carriage, he led her towards the Knights' Hall. The programme had been arranged quite differently. The guard of honour, commanded by the Crown Prince, was to present arms to the future Kaiserin. But she was not to be seen.

"Where is my *fiancée*? Papa has taken her away

from me. This sort of thing won't do." There was a moment's confusion. Was the Crown Prince going off in pursuit of the too hurried couple?

"No," he said, "I shall not go. They can do nothing without me. My men shall present arms to the Princess. Etiquette exacts it. I shall not stir from here before the honours have been paid."

William was informed of this. He took the affair in good part and came out on to a balcony with his future daughter-in-law. The little ceremony took place, and the Crown Prince hurried off to sign the marriage contract. The next day the marriage was celebrated in the cathedral.

The princely crown of Prussia was placed on the head of the Duchess Cecilia by the Kaiserin in the private apartments of the young *fiancée*. There were few invitations to the ceremonies during the day. In the evening, however, according to custom, a torchlight dance took place in the White Room of the old Palace. The newly-married couple opened the ball. The French Government had sent a military deputation to the marriage, and these French officers, with what feelings one may well imagine, took part the following day in manœuvres near Potsdam.

The family life of the young couple was minutely arranged. For half of the year they lived in Berlin, in a sad-looking house on the Unter den Linden; in summer they betook themselves to the Marble Palace at Potsdam.

The Crown Princess soon showed that she possessed character, energy, and activity. She had scarcely been married before she began to take a great interest in poultry farming. She had a model poultry yard constructed, fitted out with all the perfection of modern technique, in which, under the direction of a competent manager, attention was paid to the crossing of breeds, to the laying of eggs and to fattening. Till then choice poultry had been supplied to Germany from abroad. Breeders saw with much satisfaction the experiment of the Crown Princess for "the improvement of German poultry." It was a serious rival to the fat pullets of Bresse and to the capons of Mans. The experiment gave good results. But the Crown Princess had too much to do to manage her model establishment methodically. It was little by little left on one side and neglected. It no longer exists.

The Crown Princess has always understood reciprocal indulgence. She has never wished to be sacrificed. No one can think of blaming her. Everywhere the wife is regarded as a collaborator, but in Germany the collaborator is expected to be silent and to obey. Obedience, when the advice or the order is given by a just and loyal husband, is a charming discipline which does not offend a feminine affection which knows that it will be repaid. But to have to obey the orders of a changeable, neurasthenic and irritable tyrant has nothing pleasant about it in the long run.

Now the Crown Princess very soon perceived that,

without a little energy on her side, she would become a negative quantity in her own home. She did not resign herself to this. She intended to resist, and she resisted in a very clever and amusing way. To gain authority in her own household she adroitly had herself appointed by her father-in-law, William, colonel of a dragoon regiment in which the Crown Prince was a major. From that day the Princess could occasionally impose her will on her whimsical husband.

When he was thinking of escaping from the Palace to rejoin his lively comrades, the colonel, in full uniform, would burst in upon him and recall him to his respect for military rules.

"You have forgotten to salute your superior officer; you will pass this evening at the Palace under arrest."

The major grumbled, but yielded. He, the leader of a military party, could not, by his own bad example, destroy the utility of an iron discipline.

At the time of her marriage, Princess Cecilia was ambitious to be the best dressed woman in all the Courts of Europe. She had made for herself, they say, a wax mannequin, which was startlingly like her. The features, the eyes, the hair, all were copied with the utmost fidelity. It was an astonishing and marvellous statue. All the models of the great ladies' tailors were tried on the mannequin. The Princess would then go to see her own image, and look at it for a long time, admiring or criticising it before making her choice.

Then the modistes brought their hats, and the exhibition continued.

It is even said that dresses ordered from Vienna and Paris decked the mannequin, which was carefully guarded in a special room. An attentive lady's maid took particular care of the waxen Crown Princess.

Sometimes, when the Crown Prince wished to make his wife a surprise present—this, we must not forget, dates from the period following their marriage—he would have a magnificent robe brought in secretly with which the mannequin would be duly decked out. Then he would say to his wife:

"Cilli, what do you say to paying yourself a visit?"

Cilli—an intimate contraction for Cecilia—would go to the mannequin's room, and it was a rather surprising thing to see the Princess in front of her second self. She would stop a second, and then declare:

"Oh, how nice I look! Thank you, Willi!"

And Willi—the pet name of William, who had by this time quite abandoned his first Christian name, Frederick—would be proud of having succeeded with his surprise gift.

But only too soon a drama unfolded itself. The mannequin remained elegant and slender. Unlike the picture of Dorian Gray, it did not age, while the original did. The mannequin had to be hidden away from the young Princess, who was expecting to be a mother for the first time. One cannot be and have been

at the same time. They hastened to stow away the too youthful mannequin in a loft. When, a few months before the war, they wished to see it again, it was found that the heat of the attics, packed close with odds and ends, had spoilt the wax. The mannequin had aged by a quarter of a century. This time it was the triumph of the Princess.

The Crown Princess is very good. She does her best to give pleasure to others and to smooth the path of those to whom Fate has been unkind. Once she wished to get a young girl, in whom she took an interest, into a Berlin shop. In order to be more sure of success and to recommend her, she presented herself to the proprietor, who went on smoking his pipe.

"I have seen, sir, that you are looking for an employee, and I have come. . . ."

"One minute, little girl, you are quite nice; but you are hardly strong enough for the work. Are you sure that you will make a good saleswoman? If you are, come and see me again and bring your testimonials with you. By the bye, are you married?"

"Yes, sir," replied the Princess, who was vastly amused.

"What is your husband? Is he in the post office?"

"Not exactly, but one day or another he might be Emperor."

The shopkeeper looked at the young woman, opened his eyes wide, and must have recognised with whom he was dealing, for at last he removed his pipe. Need-

less to say, the *protégée* of the Crown Princess got the place.

One morning, when the Princess was walking about Potsdam, she met a procession of poor little orphans on their customary daily walk. The little girls immediately recognised the Princess, and greeted her with cries of joy. Extremely touched, "Cilli" joined the procession, questioned the children, caressed them, and then, with the permission of their governesses, she took them all—and they were numerous—into a big pastry-cook's that was close by. Here they received, not only permission, but an order, to empty the flat baskets of cakes. Their little faces were smeared with cream and chocolate. Never before had the Princess been so happy.

Princess Cecilia is devoted to hygiene. She never uses the same hairbrush twice. Her maids have received orders to burn every day the tooth-brush after it has been used.

A few years ago, a serious misunderstanding was very nearly taking place between "Cilli" and "Willi." The Crown Prince was in the wrong; the Crown Princess intended to make him acknowledge it. The adventure was very nearly turning against her. The Crown Prince, during a season in the Engadine, where he was enjoying his favourite sports on the snowy heights, flirted—and perhaps flirted a great deal too much—with smart and pretty young travellers, who, on their side, were wild with delight at having attracted the

attention of the Kaiser's heir. The person who tells the story adds that the taste of the Imperial Don Juan showed a preference for ladies of opulent charms. The Crown Princess, tired of being always neglected, tried to pique both the susceptibility and the pride of her husband. She chose for her partner an English diplomatist. They exchanged a few letters, frivolous in tone but of a quite healthy gaiety. Germany is the country in which the anonymous letter has the most success. Some people with ready pens and fertile imaginations wrote to the Crown Prince to let him know what was going on, or rather what they believed, or wished to believe, to be going on. The Crown Prince was seized with a fierce anger; he resolved to spy upon her. He knew how to go about it, for, like every German, he had received from Heaven at his birth the gift of being a good spy. As if by chance he was beside his wife when the next letter arrived from the diplomatist. With a quick movement he secured the letter, opened it, and then read it. Frederick William turned the letter over again and again. He was surprised, and could make nothing of it. The envelope did not contain in the least what he had been led to suspect, a missive couched in delirious phrases inspired by a passion which asked for nothing better than to be allowed to cross the bounds of respect, if, indeed, it had not already crossed them. The envelope enclosed a political document of the highest importance. At great length, with minute and

secret details, a delicate transaction, that had to do with Morocco, was exposed, and for so much information indeed "the Kaiser and his police would have expended thousands of marks."

But in vain did Frederick William study with all his might this document; he could discover nothing in it that resembled a tender or affectionate word. There was no letter hidden in the folds of the document.

"Cilli, I should like to have an explanation of all this. What is the meaning of this correspondence, of which you have never spoken to me?"

Cilli's mind was rather uneasy. Undoubtedly, her flirtation had never gone beyond the limits of the purest platonism, and she had embarked on it only to exasperate this scamp of a Willi. But things had taken an unexpected turn, and she was a little alarmed. What did the intercepted letter contain? Had her correspondent dropped his pleasant chaffing tone? He had never failed in courteous deference, but supposing by chance he had been seized by the criminal whim of risking some avowal, of setting down in precise phrases a sudden and disastrous appeal, of asking for a clandestine meeting! For a moment, Cilli foresaw catastrophe, then, regaining all her coolness, she resolved to cope with her husband.

"What does this correspondence mean, you ask? How can I answer? I don't even know what it's about! You ask me for explanations and information

which I am unable to give you. In order to explain something, one must know what that something is. I am not responsible for what anyone may write to me or send me. Show me the letter, and if I am able to satisfy your curiosity you shall know in a few seconds as much as I do myself."

Frederick William handed the document to his wife. She ran through it with a quick glance. The first lines that she had time to decipher suggested an excellent idea.

"Oh, Willi! Didn't you understand without having to ask me for explanations? You deserve to be punished for not having had confidence in me. I ought to conceal from you the meaning and the bearing of this document. But to cure your nervousness, I'm going to tell you all. Listen! I have been amiable to this Englishman with the sole object of obtaining this important information, promised me in return for a dance at the last Court Ball. To speak frankly, I had no intention of showing you this letter, but I intended to inform you of the facts. According to the understanding with my diplomatist, this document should be burned."

While the Crown Princess told her story, Frederick William's face lit up with an intense joy. "What! In spite of her Russian blood, had his wife the gift of the born spy as if she were a thoroughbred German! He was delighted. He read the document over again, and to conform to what Cilli had told him, he himself burnt

in her presence the paper from which he had expected so painful a deception.

Let us add that the English diplomatist who had been guilty of this enormous blunder—the dispatch to his Government of a frivolous note, the dispatch to a Princess of a secret document—came the same evening to visit the Crown Princess to learn what his own letter had actually contained. The Princess laughed, and very graciously related what had taken place that afternoon. The incident was thus closed, so far, at least, as the Royal household was concerned.

During this period the Crown Prince was seized with a feverish desire to try everything. He wished to be more active than his father, and more universal. He wished to make himself more conspicuous than his father, and at the same time to imitate his illustrious ancestors.

King Frederick William IV had been an excellent agriculturist; he took a personal part in farm work, knew how to milk cows and churn butter. King Frederick William III was a shoemaker. The Emperor William I was a wood-turner, and the Palace of Babelsburg contains a number of knick-knacks turned by the Imperial hands. The Emperor Frederick III had mastered the business of a carpenter. For two years he used to go every day to the house of his master, named Kuhnert, whose workshop stood in the Oranienstrass. Finally, William II is a binder. The Crown Prince wished to imitate the first William. He

learnt the trade of a turner, and a few years ago, at Whitsuntide, he bestowed on all his relations the results of his professional apprenticeship. Since then, he has turned out chests of drawers, and little bookcases which decorate his wife's boudoir.

Some time later, the following note appeared in the *Official Gazette of the Empire* under the heading "Patents of Inventions":

"LL to W. 30, 139. Cuff studs. William, German and Prussian Crown Prince, Imperial Highness. Potsdam, 11th July, 1908."

One of the largest jewellers in Berlin had the monopoly of selling the Crown Prince's studs. A German paper gives the following description of it:

"This system consists of two buttons fastened together by a mobile little chain. It differs from similar systems in the fact that the little chain is fixed at its two ends by means of a kind of lever, which prevents it from coming undone by itself. The more one pulls on it, the more the levers catch in the links, so that it is absolutely impossible to lose the studs."

But the invention lacked originality, there was an action for infringement of patent, and the Crown Prince withdrew his stud from the market.

The Crown Prince has had predecessors in the domain of invention among the Princes of the reigning German families. Scarcely a year before, the Grand Duke of Oldenburg had patented a ship's propeller known under the name of *Nikipropeller*, and the

Gazette of the Empire had just registered the patent granted to Prince Henry of Prussia, the Emperor's brother, for "a system of cleaning the glass windows in front of automobiles."

Frederick William, who is the possessor of important revenues, is, like his father, at once eager to make money and miserly. In addition to this, he is fond of haggling. A few years ago he was returning from a shoot on his estates in Gruenau in Austria. He ordered from the keeper of the buffet of the Wessel station, on the Budeweiss–Prague line, a lunch for himself and his suite. The station buffet-keeper, thinking it advisable to raise the account to the dignity of the customer, presented the Crown Prince's comptroller with a bill that ran up to 160 crowns, and the *Zahlmeister* settled the bill without a word.

But some days afterwards the worthy buffet-keeper learnt that the railway directors had cancelled the contract which granted him the Wessel station buffet, and had replaced him by another chief. Frederick William had wished, like his father, to see everything and verify everything. He had found the bill rather high, and had made a complaint to the directors of the Austrian railway. The unlucky buffet-keeper was forced to send the Emperor William a petition in which he tried to prove that he had lost money by serving the Crown Prince and his suite, and that, furthermore, he had expended the amount of the bill paid by the *Zahlmeister* on a work of charity.

But the buffet-keeper came badly out of the affair. William the father approved of his son's economy, and praised his spirit of wisdom.

"Check the bills," he said to him; "that's how substantial homes are made!"

On coming of age, the Crown Prince came into possession of the estate of Oels in Silesia. This estate is important, as may be judged by the fact that it yields an annual revenue of 126,800 marks. A few years ago, on the basis of this income, the Fiscal Commission of Oels imposed a tax of 5,000 marks on the heir to the throne. Considering the tax unjustified, the Crown Prince brought an action against the Commission, maintaining that he was exempt from any taxation. But the Commission insisted that the Sovereign alone, and no other member of the Royal house, was exempt from the tax.

The Fiscal Commission of the district of Breslau, summoned to adjudicate on the dispute, confirmed this point of view. After a short deliberation, it decided in favour of the Commission of the district of Oels.

There are judges at Breslau.

The Crown Prince has a changeable and childish disposition. He gives himself up eagerly to everything that is new to him. But what he covets above all are easy successes and popular admiration for some showy action or other. He poses with nonchalance and seeks to triumph without appearing to seek.

He plays the cigarette for all it is worth. Does he

think that he is being watched? He lights one. That gives him a little air of detachment and superiority, and produces the impression of great easiness of manner. Once, when he had taken the place of his father William at a review, and was on his way back to the Marble Palace, he was insulted by a discontented workman. Before the police had time to intervene the workman threw a box of preserved meat in Frederick William's face. There was soon a disturbance in the crowded street that the police agents were unable to control. The Crown Prince rose in his carriage, glanced to right and left with his fatigued air, put his foot on the carriage step, and, taking plenty of time, lit a cigarette. He then left his carriage and returned on foot to the Palace, followed by the cheering crowd.

Frederick William, like his father, loves costumes and disguises. He possesses uniforms, caps, and civilian clothes of every sort and every colour. As he is slight and rather tall, he has a weakness for styles that are drawn in at the waist, compressed and narrow. He exaggerates the prevailing fashion, and very often creates one to his own taste. His creations are not always marked by very good taste. He wishes to show off his slim figure and call attention to his little shortened lounge-jackets, his tight tunics, his cloaks which spread out like bells. If by chance he learns that a costume of which he had the idea has made a sensation, he is happier than if he had discovered the Pole or conquered a new colony on a far-off continent.

"I have frequently seen," writes the Abbe Wetterlé, a former Deputy of Alsace-Lorraine, "the Crown Prince pass through the streets of Berlin in his open motor-car. Tall, thin, his features pale, his glance expressionless, the young officer had always on his lips the doltish smile of satisfaction which comes from conceit. He was visibly happy at receiving the tokens of devoted admiration showered upon him by the crowd. The Pan-Germanists have said repeatedly that the whole future of mighty Germany rests on this head of a degenerate."

In order that his car may not pass unnoticed in Berlin, it is always painted an unusual colour. Frederick William is at the steering wheel; beside him huge dogs are enthroned with Imperial self-satisfaction, insensible to the wind that whips their straightened jaws. The car goes at a great pace. The police have made discreet complaints. Uselessly, the heir is at home. He proves it. He is the master. And while the hooter, with its hoarse sound, rings through the streets to announce his passage, he himself, impassable, detached, allows his eternal cigarette to hang on his lower lip.

At a time when he was very popular in Berlin, the Crown Prince affected to take great interest in the lives of the poor, and often brought back in his car old men whom he had met dragging their limbs along on the roads. That meant ovations for him. Once in 1907, when he was returning from the great autumn parade,

a group of street urchins, wholly innocent of ceremonial etiquette, questioned him.

"How's the kid going?"

Some policemen, enraged at the impudent question, prepared to disperse the disrespectful urchins in thoroughly German fashion; that is to say, brutally. But the Crown Prince, judging that the crowd was big enough to spread abroad his kindness and patience, halted his squadron, and permitting one of the children to approach him, authorised him to ask some questions.

"How's the kid going?" repeated the ragamuffin.

Then, after a reply to the effect that the princely heir was very well, he let fall a string of questions:

"What's the colour of his eyes?"

"Does he cry when he's washed?"

"When is he going to school?"

"Who swaddles him when his mother's out for a walk?"

The amused crowd listened, and when the squadron resumed its march, frantic applause greeted the popular Prince.

Frederick William has a cult, that of Napoleon. Pictures, statuettes, busts, medallions, engravings of the great conqueror are scattered about in abundance in his study in the Marble Palace of Potsdam. He says repeatedly that Napoleon should be the model of all soldiers. The Crown Prince has two books faithfully audited, in which are pasted the cuttings mentioning certain traits in his character or certain acts of his life.

The first of these books is called "What I am," the second, "What I am not." The first contains all the dithyrambic articles which please him; the second all that in his mind, which is opposed to criticism, needs his Imperial negation.

In which volume will Frederick William place this impartial study if by chance it meets his eye?

Frederick William's library is very well stocked in other respects. If on certain shelves there are only works of Napoleon and the Napoleonic wars, there are on other shelves a quite imposing collection of ghoulish and even pornographic volumes. Everything that appears clandestinely is brought together in this princely chamber of horrors. Chinese books lie close to French books printed in Brussels. Some of them have considerable value, for they are enriched by hand-painted engravings. The Crown Prince loves not only what sets his imagination at work, but also what speaks to the eye. The friends and confidants who are allowed to have an occasional look at this literature of a quite special kind, are imperiously urged to neglect no means of enriching the collection. The Crown Prince is devoted to open-air life. He would like to spend all his winters at Saint Moritz. Formerly he was a devotee of the bicycle. But his favourite sport is horsemanship. When he was only a captain he led a squadron the full length of the steps that lead from the park of Potsdam to the Palace of Sans-Souci. William came down heavily on this way of behaving. It

is even said that he ordered his son a few days of enforced arrest. But what is odd in the story is the comment of the angry father.

"Von Ziethen," said he, "did something much better than you did!"

The Crown Prince had forgotten von Ziethen's exploit.

"Von Ziethen took his horse at a gallop and amused himself by going ten times round a windmill whose wings were turning at full speed."

The Crown Prince took part in several flat races and steeplechases to the great displeasure of his father. He was again placed under enforced arrest for having attended the Karlshorst races.

The Crown Prince loves hunting, as we shall see later on, but he is not indifferent to the pleasures of the theatre and the ball-room. It was because he frequented the Berlin Opera House that he ended by conceiving a violent passion for Miss Geraldine Farrar. But the contrary was sometimes the case, and if he has been seen frequently in certain theatres or music halls it was to follow assiduously the playing of an actress with whom he was in love for the moment.

It has even been said that Frederick William has appeared in private theatricals. On one occasion, so the story goes, he took part in a little comedy, "The Merry Widow," with variations, which made this insipid piece an affront to the most liberal censors. The Crown Prince is devoted to fancy-dress balls, and

one remembers a ball which took place in February, 1907, at which he appeared muffled up in a wonderful uniform as a cavalier of the Russian Guard.

Since we are on the topic of dancing let us anticipate events, and mention the following authentic fact.

In January, 1914—some months before the declaration of war—a rumour went through Berlin and created a great sensation. It was stated that the Crown Prince was the author of a little book on the tango entitled "The Breviary of the Dance." Illustrations explained certain peculiarities of the Argentine step. It is known that the Prince is fond of making illustrations. It was formerly maintained that these particular ones were from the hand which (but for these passing events) was destined to hold the Imperial sceptre of Germany. The famous dancer, Anna Pavlova, was asked her opinion on this possible paternity. After having examined the book, she replied: "I am inclined to think that the book was written by a woman. If the Crown Prince is the author of 'The Breviary of the Dance' it is with the collaboration of his wife, who dances with much charm and knows all the secrets of the art of Terpsichore."

Perhaps Frederick William has confessed to his confidential friends the part that he took in the making of this book which has nothing military about it, but publicly he has refused to make any statement. He has contented himself with saying:

"I adore the tango and make no secret about it."

The Crown Prince was still quite young when, in reference to the Krupp affair, in a discourse addressed to a delegation of workmen from the town of Oels, he dismissed as scoundrels those who had accused of offences against Nature the late famous manufacturer of Essen. In 1907 Frederick William, who had already seen and lived much, exposed the Eulenburg scandal. Prince von Eulenburg-Hertefeld had been German Ambassador in Vienna; he had been made Prince in 1900, and was spoken of as a future Grand Chancellor. For eight centuries the family of Eulenburg had been in constant relations with the Court. The polemical Maximilian Harden started a campaign in his journal *Die Zukunft*. At a club, quite by chance, the Crown Prince heard the affair mentioned. He informed himself about it, read Harden's articles, and exposed to the Emperor facts of which he alone in the country was ignorant. If this deplorable story ruined the careers of high personages, it brought, on the other hand, an aftermath of popularity to the Crown Prince.

It was a happy period for Frederick William. The newspapers extolled his hardihood, his courage, his intrepidity; his photographs were everywhere on view. It was then that he made an ascent with Count Zeppelin, whom he had taken under his patronage. After this he flew with Orville Wright. During this period, too, a story came from America which won yet more sympathy for the Crown Prince.

A friend of the Prince's childhood, Count Hochberg, had emigrated to the United States, where he had changed his name to that of Barnes. He went into commerce, but had a dispute with his partner. In the Law Courts letters that the Crown Prince—he signed them, if you will forgive the phrase, Cæsar—had addressed to the pseudo Barnes were read aloud.

One of these letters ran: "I am in the position of a sailor who is never allowed to steer the boat, but who, none the less, may be called suddenly one day to take the pilot's place. And now, farewell.—*Remain German*, Cæsar."

These words, "Remain German," appealed to the imagination of Berlin and of Germans throughout the whole empire. It was indeed all there, exposed in the briefest and most explicit fashion, the German conception of the value of foreign naturalisation.

The Jew, Bernard Dernburg, whose recent *rôle* in America is known, and who was Minister for the Colonies in 1900, persuaded William the father to send his son round the world. The growing popularity of the Crown Prince occasionally annoyed the Emperor, and he was not ignorant of the fact that his offspring still frequently indulged in pranks from which his matrimonial life suffered.

Herr Dernburg pointed out to his lord and master that the Crown Prince's personality assured magnificent receptions to the traveller, and that his reputation was such that no one would have the audacity, or even

the notion, of suspecting him. Moreover—and the spy soul of all Germany betrayed itself in this argument—he would be able to bring back interesting information if he knew how to see, watch, and weigh. It was decided that the Prince should visit China, Japan, Russia, and India. An epidemic of Asiatic cholera modified the arrangements. The precious health of the princely traveller was not to be exposed to danger. It was decided that the objective of the voyage should be India alone.

The Crown Prince was then twenty-eight years old. He left with the intention of hunting, riding, and taking part in all kinds of sport, but he had, as his special mission, to inform himself at the same time of the sentiments and the state of mind of the native Sovereigns. It is even said that it was by design—in order better to mask the real reason of the Royal journey—that some newspapers rather malevolently insinuated that the Crown Prince thought too much of pleasure, of outdoor exercises, and not enough of serious affairs. Certain newspapers, further to conceal the rather new and really odd *rôle* of the Imperial spy, wrote that in India there were artistic marvels to visit, a unique history to study, and that hunting was not everything.

The Crown Prince was accompanied by Dr. Wegener. He travelled from Ceylon to Bombay on the German cruiser *Gneisenau*. He visited Hizan, Hyderabad, Jaypur, Abbottabad, and he had opportunities of talking with rich merchants, soldiers, and

students. At the beginning, all went well. Frederick William seemed to have grown wise. He seemed anxious to take his task seriously and to wish, for once, to give full satisfaction to the Kaiser and his Government. But this fit of wisdom was only a flash in the pan. It was of brief duration. And the scandal which burst out was of a kind at which we, with our knowledge of the character and tastes of the Prince, need feel no surprise.

This is what happened.

The Crown Prince attempted to violate a lady of a harem belonging to a high dignitary who had received him magnificently.

This high dignitary, in his wish to be agreeable to the English Government, had neglected nothing towards making the Crown Prince's visit pass off agreeably. In accordance with an official programme he had organised hunts; he had placed his horses, his servants, his estates at the disposal of his guest and his suite. He had forgotten one thing only, a thing which would surely tempt this lecherous Don Juan—to open wide the door leading to the apartments of the harem. Frederick William thought that if it was a piece of forgetfulness the dignitary deserved a lesson, and that if it was intentional he had only to override it, his Imperial will being the one law of any value in his own eyes. But the too enterprising Crown Prince was unable fully to accomplish his enterprise. An alarm was sounded. The attempt became known, and if the

scandal did not break out it was not because they hushed up the affair. To contradict it was to give it still greater importance; diplomacy was called in, and an English officer sacrificed himself. It was he whom indignant rumour pointed at as the guilty one, while the Crown Prince, unconscious of the punishment which his title allowed him to escape, withdrew with a haste that was scarcely princely.

Where did he go? In search of another story, one cannot write about him another *humiliation.* The Crown Prince had heard it said that the officers of a certain Irish regiment gave their guests a particularly cordial reception. Quartered at Mutra, a most charming locality, they organised scientifically big hunting expeditions. Frederick William, relying on their reputation for hospitality, made it known how much he would like to learn that he might hunt at Mutra with such excellent guides. The invitation came, and preparations for an exceptionally brilliant hunt were made at Mutra. But the hunt was far from being brilliant.

The Crown Prince has inherited from his father, and, indeed, from all his ancestors, a nervousness which betrays itself in unreasoned and sudden terror. When one of these fits takes possession of him he is incapable of doing anything. At Mutra he was seized by a fit of this kind while mounting his horse. The practised horseman was overcome by an incomprehensible fear before all the soldiers drawn up in line. To save appearances, a sudden illness, a serious indisposition that

had quite overcome him, was given out as an explanation. The hunt did not take place. The preparations had been made for nothing.

Frederick William left India in February, 1911. He made a stay in Egypt, where he had private interviews with the Khedive. Private telegrams announced to William that all was going well in that direction, and that the Khedive and his youngest brother, Prince Mahomed-Ali, were ready to support the German cause "when the moment should come."

At Cairo the Crown Prince, whom the first adventure that degenerated into misadventure had not cooled, fell in love with a Frenchwoman, a pretty actress, who triumphed not long ago in well-known Paris theatres. But neither the prolonged waitings in the foyer of the hotel, nor the impassioned ogles, nor the splendid bouquets sent so profusely, were able to conquer the disdain of the patriotic actress, who was on her way to rejoin in a distant country another princely heir who, for his part, was neither Prussian nor German.

But there is a reverse side to everything. The Crown Prince, who was travelling as a princely spy, was himself spied upon. There was in his suite a minion of the Kaiser whose duty it was to inform William without delay of all the acts, doings and words of his precious Crown Prince. The Emperor knew about the attempted violation in the Indian harem, and he frowned over it. He had learned the story of the abortive hunt and it had made him angry. He was informed of

his son's behaviour in Cairo. The Crown Prince was recalled to take up his command in the Death's Head Hussars.

Before returning to Berlin, Frederick William made a stay in Rome. He was taken to see the delightful fountains of Trevi, whose waters have from time immemorial flowed into its numerous basins. Springs feed these fountains, and they possess a natural beauty of which Rome is quite rightly very proud.

But the Crown Prince, as we have already pointed out, is of an economical disposition. He imagined that it was for him that the great cascades had been set going, and he enjoyed the sight for a quarter of an hour or so. After this, anxious not to be too great an expense to the town that had welcomed him, he intimated that his pleasure was complete, and that it was useless to waste the water from the municipal reservoir any further.

"That's enough, you can stop them now," he said.

It was explained to him that that was impossible, and that the generous waters of the Roman earth flowed as well and as long, with as much beauty and as much purity, for young princes on their travels as for old beggars who come to dream in the gutter.

There existed at that time in Rome a German colony, by no means a small one, possessing, among other properties, an academy and a cemetery, called Testaccio. Among the personages presented to the Prince at the German Embassy in Rome was the sculptor Henry

Gerhardt, who was eighty-six years old and rather hard of hearing.

"Imperial Highness," Gerhardt replied to his Sovereign's son, who was questioning him about his life in Rome, "I have been living in Rome for the last sixty-two years. I have witnessed great changes in the Eternal City during the last century. I look forward now only to going to rest myself in the Testaccio."

The Crown Prince, thinking that he referred to some little-known watering-place, pressed his hand, and said:

"Good, Gerhardt, let us hope that you will get there as soon as possible."

The venerable sculptor whom the young man wished to consign prematurely to the tomb smiled without sadness.

On his return to Berlin Frederick William arranged his hunting diary. He did not issue it, however, before the June of the following year, 1912. It has been said in Berlin that this book was not written by the Crown Prince, but all the princely books receive the same reception and the same criticism. One solitary phrase from the conclusion of the book is worth quoting. It is the following:

"I have never felt so near my God as when—my gun on my knees—I found myself in the solitude of a mountain on a sunlit morning inundated with life, or in the depths of forests in the exquisite and touching calm of evening."

One may imagine that William was not altogether satisfied with his son's conduct during his travels in the Far East, for, instead of nominating him for a pleasant post not far from the capital, he sent him off to Dantzig, a gloomy and dreaded garrison town regarded more or less as a place of exile. At Dantzig, the Crown Prince took command of the Death's Head Hussars, who were in the 17th Army Corps under the orders of General von Mackensen. But he had holidays. He came to England to represent the German Court at the Coronation of King George. In connection with this, he was made honorary colonel of the 11th Hussars. In recognition of this honour three years later, in May, 1914, two months before the present war, the Crown Prince ordered the German military attaché, Major Renner, to present to the regiment, then stationed at Aldershot, a huge portrait of himself in the uniform of an English colonel. A pretty present and a timely one! I hope that the English Hussars have known what to do by now with this tardy gift!

We now come to a curious period in the Crown Prince's life. All of a sudden the madcap Prince, the man about town who delighted in unsophisticated debauchery, began to take an interest in politics and to oppose the designs of his father. What had previously been mere childish or juvenile disobedience now became reasoned and calculated opposition.

It was the period of strained relations between Germany and France in regard to the Morocco question.

The Crown Prince totally disapproved of the policy of the paternal Government. When the Reichstag had to examine the question, Frederick William obtained three days' leave, and showed himself in the Court-box of the Reichstag. While certain orators fiercely attacked the Imperial Chancellor von Bethmann-Hollweg, the Crown Prince showed his approval clearly by repeated applause. When Herr von Heydebrand exclaimed vehemently: "When the moment comes, the whole of Germany must be ready to draw the sword!" the Crown Prince signalled his approval by stamping his feet. The whole audience had its eyes fixed on the Imperial box; everybody noticed the attitude of the Prince. That minute was of serious importance. Frederick William became the head of the War Party.

The reception given him in the course of this quite sudden demonstration urged the Crown Prince on to further excesses. Instead of rejoining his regiment at Dantzig, he remained in Berlin to attend a gala performance of "Orestes." He appeared in uniform, and received such an ovation that the piece could not commence at the ordinary time. The story of the Reichstag was already known. It was a manifestation in favour of the Prince, who was revealing his true character, but it was also, and perhaps even more, a demonstration against William. Public opinion was for the Crown Prince; numerous newspapers maintained that Frederick William was the real interpreter

of the people's sentiments. Things, however, went wrong. The Crown Prince was going too far. The Kaiser's first step was to invite Von Bethmann-Hollweg and his wife to dinner, and then to have published, in an English newspaper, an interview with the Crown Prince, in which the latter protested that he felt most grateful to England, and that people had been curiously misled as to the significance of his gestures during the anti-English speeches in the Reichstag.

But seeing that he might, after a fashion, become the head of a military party, restless, active and always gaining in numbers, the Crown Prince became ambitious to increase his popularity, and in order to realise this desire he had recourse, like an electioneering candidate, to the cinematograph. He had taken, not some, but hundreds and hundreds of films, in which he was the principal actor and which, reproduced again and again and supplied to all the cinemas of the towns, cantons and villages, were bound to arouse admiration and respectful deference for his person. All these films, without exception, showed him engaged in his military duties. He had posed with admirable patience, for it was a means of advertisement that he thoroughly understood. One saw him at the head of his troops, haranguing his soldiers, taking a personal interest in each of them, and, thanks to the influence of the cinema, everything that had been prepared beforehand and arranged, everything that was in reality exceptional,

became in the eyes of the masses habitual and ordinary acts of routine.

One film, for example, showed him loading, with his gunners, a gun of high calibre. Another showed him explaining patiently the handling of a rifle to young Prussian recruits. Another showed an impromptu lunch during manœuvres in the corner of a wood. The Crown Prince was seated, he was lighting a cigarette, after doing which he passed his well-filled case to his officers. Briefly, all these films, in which the ardour, the kindness, the gentleness of the Crown Prince were stamped with the appearance of indisputable truth, were exactly those likely to seduce and dazzle public opinion. They were also of a nature to arouse so much sympathy, and even infatuation, for the son that the father might well take offence. It mattered little to Frederick William. He wanted results, and, in all conscience, his initiative obtained them for him.

In the same way that he had sought to control Parliamentary circles, Frederick William endeavoured to be master in the bosom of his family. It was a new attempt on his father's authority, or at least it was a desire on his part to complicate matters in a curious way.

In 1913 the marriage of the Kaiser's daughter with the son of the Duke and Duchess of Cumberland was celebrated. The Duke had always avoided the German Court, for he considered himself the legitimate King of Hanover. This union had considerable diplomatic

significance. William the father also was very pleased, and the whole Press rejoiced at the happy termination of so delicate an affair. But the Crown Prince had other ideas on the matter, and he did not keep them to himself.

He wrote a letter of extreme violence to the Imperial Chancellor stating that his future brother-in-law should not be made Duke of Brunswick before renouncing for himself and his children his rights to the throne of Hanover. This quite unusual way of arranging the details of diplomacy enraged the Kaiser and pained the young *fiancée*, whose marriage was one of love. Disagreeable scenes took place between father and son. The quarrel between them was so serious that in October the Crown Prince, supported by his wife, refused to appear at the fêtes organised for the centenary of the battle of Leipzig, at which all the German Chiefs of Staff and all the high officers of the army rallied round the Kaiser.

The Crown Prince chose this historic week to make a tour with the Crown Princess in an automobile through the whole of Bavaria. The Kaiser, incensed, sent his friend General von Gontand to look for this traveller on the highways. The General brought the Prince back, and once more there was an anything but amiable scene between father and son, which is said to have lasted three consecutive hours.

The Crown Prince was good enough to condescend to take part in his sister's wedding, but when the bride

and bridegroom started on their journey to Rathenow the whole Imperial family was there to say good-bye, with one exception. It was the Crown Prince.

The story goes that the Kaiser asked Colonel von Baumbach to see that the roads between Berlin and Rathenow were in good repair, so that he might often motor over to visit his daughter on her honeymoon.

The Colonel replied that he would do everything in his power to make these trips a real pleasure, but the bride had heard of the request, and she took the Colonel aside and said to him in her turn:

"Don't improve the roads; on the contrary, I would rather that papa did not come too often. We want to be a little by ourselves."

Then the Zabern affair came into prominence. It is perhaps unnecessary, in an anecdotal study, to lay much stress on this incident, which is fresh in everybody's memory.

Lieutenant von Forstener offered a reward to a soldier if he ill-treated a Wacke (Alsatian). Riots followed, and in the course of a demonstration von Forstener wounded a cripple in the head with his sword. A military dictatorship was established in the town. The Crown Prince conveyed his approval of the officer's tyrannical and illegal conduct. Afterwards, when the regiment was withdrawn from Zabern, he dispatched another sympathetic telegram to the colonel.

Was it for this new proof of rebelliousness that the Prince was relieved of his command of the Death's

Head Hussars in Dantzig and attached to the General Staff of Berlin?

On leaving Dantzig he bade farewell to his old comrades in curious terms: "It is my youth that I am burying to-day. I may be separated from you, but my heart and my spirit remain with you. If ever the King gives the order and the trumpets sound the march, think of him whose dearest wish was always to live with you during that moment which is the most intense happiness in a soldier's life. The powerful tie that indissolubly unites you to me shall never be broken until the hour sounds for me to join the grand army."

These words, which may astonish us, whose tastes have nothing in common with those of the Junkers of Dantzig, had, even in Germany, very little effect.

The *Vorwärts* parodied them, and its editor was condemned to three months' imprisonment. Another newspaper satirised them, and its editor was condemned to six months' imprisonment.

It can be seen, then, to what a point the Crown Prince brooded on war, on the Great War. In a discussion without bias these admitted facts would alone be sufficient to prove premeditation. But there is more.

On May 1st, 1913—this date May 1st had certainly been chosen designedly—a little book, planned and edited by the Crown Prince, appeared in Berlin under the title "Germany in Arms." The book consisted of only twenty-one pages of designs in colour representing scenes in German military and naval life. The

letterpress attached to each of these, brief and emphatic, had been composed by officers who were the Prince's personal friends. The introduction, written by Frederick William himself, contains these words:

"More than any other nation, our Fatherland is compelled to rely on its own force of arms. Ill-protected by unfavourable geographical frontiers, situated in the centre of Europe, disliked by all the other nations, the German Empire, more than any other country whatsoever on our old earth, has the sacred duty of preserving always for the army and the navy their very highest pitch of preparedness for attack. Everything that is a luxury is superfluous, and should be laid aside with a happy laugh as soon as the Emperor calls us, *for we should have our hands free to grasp the sword.*"

The *Berliner Tageblatt* devoted a long critique to the book which concludes with these words:

"The Crown Prince shows us the sword as the only decisive thing in the lives of nations, and shows us the fight for life or for death as the finest operation in the world. This enthusiasm of a soldier—especially at a period overladen with storms—is certainly open to criticism. The Emperor could not pronounce such words without the responsibility of his Chancellor. How can the Crown Prince pronounce them? Is the Chancellor responsible for him too?"

Was it to keep the chatterer from talking; was it to make him resume the *rôle* of Imperial spy that he had undertaken previously in India and Egypt, that the

Kaiser decided, in March, 1914, that his Crown Prince —this time accompanied by the Crown Princess— should make a tour through the African colonies, German and *English?* The Reichstag refused the necessary supplies. The Crown Prince gave out that he would undertake the journey at his own expense. But the Kaiser, while matters were dragging on in this way, changed his mind, and announced officially that there would not be time to make the necessary preparations for a journey of such peculiar importance from the point of view of Colonial policy.

The Crown Prince remained in Germany. There followed the Sarajevo drama. The Crown Prince is said to have made an excursion with some staff officers into Lorraine, near the Belgian frontier, shortly afterwards. From Metz he went in a motor to Vith and Montjoie, a route that a German army ready to invade Belgium would have to follow. After this, he remained amazingly quiet until the day of the Declaration of War.

On August 4th Frederick William showed himself at his father's side during a reception at Potsdam. The two accomplices received there, with solemnity and pomp, the military chiefs, the statesmen, the high financiers. War had been declared. Germany was finishing hastily a mobilisation that had commenced forty-three years before.

But curious rumours were circulating through Berlin. The Emperor had one plan, the Crown Prince had another, and they could not come to an agreement. It

is even said that the son threatened his father with a revolver for refusing to come round to his opinion, and that he tried for a moment, by this grim species of argument, to force him to write his abdication.

At a meeting of the Reichstag which followed, the Crown Prince was absent, but it is unnecessary to see in this fact any proof of a misunderstanding between father and son. William had brought out his grey cloak, and was parading. Frederick William, true to the formula that for many years past he had repeated to his friends : " I esteem him who acts before he promises and does more than he promises," hurled himself passionately into action. He inspected the cavalry. These were the last fair days of his home life. The Crown Princess, who is an accomplished horsewoman and a judge of horses, as the colonel of a regiment should be, accompanied her husband. Together they made inspections, reviewed the troops, and discussed the question of remounts, which had to be settled promptly.

Then the Crown Prince received the command of the 4th Army. He left " Cilli." His life as a German cavalry officer commenced.

In the month of August, 1914, he passed some time in the Grand Duchy of Luxemburg. There he remained sheltered from danger, while his troops besieged the diminutive fortress of Longwy. He established his headquarters at Esch-sur-l'Alzette, and there he led an undisciplined and shameful life. He took possession of the comfortable property of a Luxem-

burg ironmaster, fête followed fête, and orgy followed orgy. The trooper imagined that already he had conquered the world, and that everything must bend to his fancy. He restored superannuated laws of primitive times, by which the conqueror conceded to himself the rights of *Cuissage* and *Jambage*. There were no censors to break in upon select parties. Those near him imitated their lord and master, pandered to his love of luxury, and praised his soldierly temperament.

The astonished folk of Esch nicknamed him "The Lunatic," and looked with stupefaction, mingled with horror, at this son of an Emperor who, whenever he went out with his staff officers in his motor-car, sat in the hood of the carriage, his cap always pulled down over one ear, while his long, thin limbs with their shining boots dangled in front of him.

But the Crown Prince grew weary of the chances of love. To seek an adventure even when one knows beforehand that victory awaits one in the end, is it not, after a few experiments, always the same? A little order in disorder, a little behaviour in misbehaviour, does not lack a certain charm. The Crown Prince, believing this, confessed to himself that at last he had found the charmer of all repose who would reconcile him to faithfulness. He installed without hesitation, at his headquarters in the honourable home of the ironmaster, this young person, who was not frightened of such audacity. She was amused at it; she even took a pride in it. The daughter of a German butcher, who

had followed the German troops to establish himself at Esch-sur-l'Alzette, she found, not without a certain joy, a considerable change in her position. The paternal butcher's stall gave her no nostalgia, and the young lady indulged in the happiness of scandalising these "dirty Luxemburgians," when, in an open carriage drawn by two specially chosen horses, she, the butcher's daughter, drove beside the son of her Kaiser through the virtuous and agitated city.

But love stories reach their last page even at Esch-sur-l'Alzette. Oddly enough, it was not the jaunty Crown Prince who wearied of his conquest—such a conquest!—William the father interfered! The scandal was becoming too indecent. The loving couple were to be seen on sultry evenings at the window of their apartment in scanty toilettes—she in a dressing-gown, he in pyjamas of striking colours. The happy pair, who did not mind scandalising the loungers, reminded them of one of those fugitive unions in garrison towns in which a non-commissioned officer complacently exploits his latest conquest.

William was told about it, and he recalled his son, it is said, to Berlin, under the pretext that the Crown Princess was soon going to give a new prince to Germany.

The comedy ended in this way. An event which really had a bearing on the war happened, opportunely, to cast a few days of oblivion over this shameful affair.

On August 27th, afer an heroic defence, Longwy fell.

Frederick William quickly abandoned his nest of debauchery and presented himself at the fortress. There, still pale from nights of pleasure, stupefied by excess, he had an interview with the valiant French commander—Lieutenant-Colonel Darche—whose conduct will survive among the finest and noblest records of our history.

But the ogre of Esch had not interrupted the series of his shameful pleasures to congratulate the soldier laden with honour whom the chances of war compelled to yield his sword. The Crown Prince took this sword and broke it.

"You have not fought honourably," he said. And to add a lie to his inventive spleen he added: "Your soldiers used dum-dum bullets."

To commemorate through Germany the valour of Frederick William some million postcards were issued, reproducing the portrait of the "lunatic" of Esch and bearing this inscription: "The conqueror of Longwy." And William the father at this date telegraphed to his daughter-in-law:

"My sincere thanks, dear child. I rejoice with you over the first victory of William. God aids him magnificently! May He be praised and thanked!"

The man of Schonbrunn sent his confederate son a congratulatory telegram. It was real glory. Still, all was not well with the Crown Prince. Already before

Verdun his army was encountering insurmountable difficulties.

M. Joseph Reinach has translated in the *Revue Bleue* the contents of a German notebook which was brought from Verdun by a hospital nurse:

"The sergeant-major seems to have been told off for telegraph service on September 3rd. He copied a telegram of the Crown Prince to his wife which runs as follows:

"'Crown Princess, Berlin.

"'After a hard fight, forced passage of Meuse. Still meet enemy fortified in new positions. This costs terrible losses, but we advance. Papa last night at Marville, very sad. Wedel killed. Stenay very nicely situated but very much punished. I live in a pretty house belonging to an old lady. Souvenirs. —WILLIAM.'"

It is said that at this time the Crown Prince was nearly taken prisoner. A French soldier escaped from a little market town where he had seen the Prince. He rejoined the French outposts, and on the strength of his report a whole division of cavalry started off at a gallop. The town was surrounded, but the Crown Prince had left the place the evening before. Too late! The evil bird was no longer in its nest.

Then came the Battle of the Marne, which I cannot think of describing here. When the lapse of time has enabled us the better to realise the details of the French victory we may learn if it was indeed the Crown Prince

who compromised the German advance at that battle. It has been said that von Kluck wanted to leave the Crown Prince the honour of being the first to enter Paris and to march through the Champs Elysées at the head of the Imperial troops.

The defeat was severe and sudden, and there was no more talk about the Crown Prince. Rumour said that he was dead, that he had been killed. Re-read the French newspapers of the end of September and you will see in them many allusions to mourning in the Imperial family, to a mysterious wounded man who was being nursed in Strasburg, to a princely funeral mysteriously celebrated in Berlin.

Will the truth ever be known? The Crown Prince seems to have been held largely responsible for the German defeat, and his father to have reduced him to obscurity and silence. It is also possible that the Prince, exhausted by his excesses and by every sort of fatigue, unnerved by his unaccustomed mode of life, was really ill. It is said that he retired for a rest cure to the Grand Duchy of Luxemburg.

But his name did not sink into oblivion. In a letter dated September 24th and addressed to the *Matin*, the Baroness de Baye formally accused the Crown Prince of having robbed the Château de Champaubert of some marvellous collections that had been patiently brought together by her husband. The affair made a great stir. All the newspapers of the Allies reproduced the letter of the Baroness. I have before me,

as I write, a whole page of an American newspaper on which there sprawls in great headlines this arresting title: "*Did the Crown Prince Rob This Country House?*"

The collections of the Baron de Baye included unique specimens of Russian treasures, icons, vases of massive gold, and presents given to him by the Tsar himself. Is the Crown Prince a thief? It is quite possible. In the present case, if it was not he who pillaged the Château de Champaubert, it was his brother Eitel. The race of Hohenzollern and the Kaiser's officers are capable of any infamy.

It may be remembered that the above-mentioned Prince Eitel plundered the Château de Sivier, belonging to M. Emile Thurneyssen, at Choisy-au-Bac. In regard to this the *Temps* endeavoured to publish a paragraph. Its readers were able to read in this serious newspaper the heading "A Royal——." The censor had suppressed the epithet. One asks onself why? It had suppressed as well the last lines of the paragraph. The Crown Prince is also said to have pillaged the country house of a rich proprietor in the suburbs of Epernay. One should remember what happened at the country house belonging to the Prince of Monaco, who was compelled to pay a heavy war indemnity. Von Kluck pillaged the Château de Chamant, near Senlis, which belonged to the American Jefferson Davis Cohen. "In this château," says Mr. Cohen, "I once received a visit from the Kaiser's

sister, the Princess Charlotte de Saxe-Meiningen." But von Kluck's followers, under the General's express orders, carried off the upholstery and objects of value. Finally, Prince Joachim, the Crown Prince's brother, at the beginning of August, 1914, had a huge property of the government of Suvalki raided by his soldiers, and reserved for his own share of the spoil a troïka and its horses.

Since von Kluck, Hindenburg and his wife, Princes Joachim and Eitel have committed robberies, has the Crown Prince, the chief of the band, been able to hesitate for an instant about appropriating the belongings of other people?

M. Clunet, in the *Figaro* of October 2nd, 1914, examined from the judicial point of view the punishment which should await Frederick William. One will return with interest to that article.

We are perhaps inclined to judge with bias an adversary without honour, but so many proofs have been collected, have accumulated, so to speak, that everywhere the Crown Prince has acted like a brigand of another age, that powerful eloquence and convincing evidence would be necessary to persuade us that William's son is a chief, and one of some breadth of character and of some nobility!

Let us continue our narrative of Frederick William's exploits—so far as it is possible to do so owing to the odd periods of silence which, from time to time, screen him from the world.

A young Irish lady who managed to leave the neighbourhood of Ypres tells us that, on October 15th, 1914, the Crown Prince came to Menin, where a curious and secret ceremony took place. According to her, the Crown Prince was crowned King of Belgium in the market place. The ceremony she did not see, for strict orders from the German authorities had forbidden the inhabitants to walk in the streets, or even to leave their window-shutters open. Miss Sheridan—that is the traveller's name—adds that at the top of the church steeple there floated a flag of a new kind, in which the German and Belgian colours were blended. During the ceremony a hymn was sung, which those who understood German compared to a "*God Save the King of Belgium.*" Their curiosity roused by this ceremony, these chants, and this atmosphere of reticence, the inhabitants of Menin tried to question the German officers, who remained silent, and refused to disclose the reason for this secret festival. But the soldiers were less reserved, and a few days afterwards they declared that the Crown Prince had been consecrated King of Belgium.

Miss Sheridan certainly saw and heard something. She did not invent this story for her own amusement. None the less, it seems rather improbable that the fête celebrated at Menin was a coronation. The Crown Prince, whom his father met shortly afterwards at Coblenz, on the anniversary of the battle of Sedan, and whom the Kaiser presented to the inhabitants of

Coblenz in these terms: "The unconquerable hero, the restorer of the peace of the world," did not live in Belgium, as he would have lived if he had been king—he left towards the middle of October for the Russian front. Silence once more surrounds the lofty deeds of the Prince. It is merely known that in his father's name, with much pomp, he distributed a large number of Iron Crosses to the troops who came before Warsaw to meet with an unexpected Russian resistance. One must believe that the laurels with which the heir's head were to be decked were not yet within his reach. Warsaw, the objective of a fierce offensive, had not been reached. The plains of Poland were strewn with German corpses, the red waters of the rivers were filled with corpses. No! that was not a success. The Crown Prince returned to the French front.

At this period the Crown Prince condescended to grant an interview to a representative of the *New York Sun*. It is interesting to translate here this document, which shows that already the Crown Prince realised the necessity of lying in the teeth of the universe:

"Without doubt this war is the most stupid, the most useless, the most senseless of all modern wars. It is not a war that Germany wanted, I can assure you of that, but it was forced on us, and the fact that we were prepared in so effective a fashion to defend ourselves is an argument used by the other side to convince the world that we sought the conflict."

"I am a soldier, and consequently I cannot discuss

politics, but it seems that all this war is useless and senseless. Still, Germany had no choice in the matter. From the humblest to the highest, we all know that we are fighting for our existence. I am aware that soldiers of the other nations doubtless say and think the same. That does not alter the truth in any way; we are fighting at the present moment for our national existence.

"As soon as we knew that the present war would be forced upon us, it was our most urgent duty to prepare for the struggle with all possible and necessary measures so as to defend the Fatherland against the iron ring which, for years, our enemies have been sedulously organising round us.

"The fact that we foresaw the attempt to crush us within this ring, and the fact that we were ready to defend ourselves now, serves as a pretext for asserting that not only did we want the war, but that we are responsible for it.

"No power on earth will ever be able to persuade our people that this war was not plotted solely and entirely to crush the German people, its Government, its institutions and everything dear to it. As a result of this, you will find the German people forming one sole spirit animated by a magnificent idea of sacrifice."

This morsel of impudence was soon followed by another statement. Weary of his inaction, and, perhaps, of his good behaviour, the Crown Prince became once more restless, aggressive, and talkative. On December 21st, 1914, he published an order of the

day. On December 24th he issued another. This last is worth quoting:

"Christmas in France, quite near the enemy! Such a festival will never be forgotten by any one of us. I wish all the members of my brave army the greatest blessings of God until we have won the peace of which we and our well-loved Fatherland may be proud.

"My grandfather, the Crown Prince Frederick William, for the Christmas of 1870, sent every soldier of his gallant army—your fathers and your grandfathers—a pipe with his portrait. I am doing the same thing. May this modest gift to my loyal companions in arms be a souvenir of our Christmas celebrated together, in the greatest days of Germany!"

The pastrycooks of Berlin sent some hundreds of cakes by deputation to the Crown Prince. It was a delicate attention. The Prince received these special envoys, examined the packages and specimens, but instead of being touched and moved, instead of thanking them, he launched impertinently this comment:

"Don't you think all those things there will make us ill?"

On January 1st, 1915, the Crown Prince sent General Sarrail, who commanded the 3rd French Army, his photograph with this dedication: "The Crown Prince to his valiant adversary."

On January 22nd the Prince experienced the need of talking, and his little discourse fell under three headings.

He replies in the following terms to the Geneva correspondent of the *Associated Press*:

"NEAR VERDUN, *January 22nd.*

"You ask me to send a message to the American people. Being an officer, and not a diplomatist, I have no right to do this, but if you really want it, I will say three things to you:

"(1) Every German or Austrian is quite certain that we shall have the upper hand, and will give his last drop of blood to reach that end.

"(2) We are convinced that the day will come when the Russian and French peoples will discover that they are only doing England's dirty work.

"(3) We expect from America that she will behave with absolute correctness in every respect.

"These are my personal views, but a large number of my compatriots think the same.

"WILLIAM, CROWN PRINCE."

Once more silence veils the Crown Prince. Neutrals who passed through Germany at this period have told us that the bluff about "the hero of Longwy, the unconquerable chief, the restorer of universal peace," was beginning to weaken. Hindenburg had become the hero of the day. The booksellers placed in conspicuous positions the photograph of the *reiter* with the sunken chaps. The Kaiser himself, whose popularity had temporarily waned, came into fashion again. Officers were already repenting of having cut their

Wilhelm moustaches to leave on their upper lips only a little toothbrush in imitation of their military god, who had now fallen from his pedestal.

On April 4th the "lunatic" of the village of Esch-sur-l'Alzette received the news that he was a father for the fifth time. The Crown Princess had just brought into the world a daughter who was given the names Alexandrina Irene. The *Vossische Zeitung* announced that the child would have as sponsors, in addition to certain great personages—old Francis Joseph, the Kings of Bavaria and Saxony, for example—the whole Fourth Army commanded by the Crown Prince. Then the Kaiser, to avoid jealousy among his brave sailors who are waiting for the end of the war beyond the range of the English Fleet, remembered that somewhere or other the *Crown Prince* was in hiding. He decided that all the officers and sailors of this man-of-war should be sponsors of the new Princess. The Crown Prince was not present at his daughter's christening.

And this brings us back to the discords which have arisen in the family life of William's heir. Naturally, the German newspapers have suppressed the orgies that some of the headquarters of the General Staff, those of the German Crown Prince, those of the Crown Prince of Bavaria, have repeatedly witnessed since the commencement of the war. If people in Berlin were informed of the disgraceful conduct of Frederick William at Esch-sur-l'Alzette and elsewhere, they took

good care not to inform the Crown Princess. Cilli might then have been for ever ignorant of the pranks of her scamp of a Willi. But there are always compassionate souls to teach you what you alone are ignorant of. Very often these compassionate souls, gifted with some imagination, pass beyond the truth in order to see what is going to happen. In the present instance, there was a compassionate soul, and as the truth was eloquent enough, there was no need of diffuseness and exaggeration. The compassionate soul showed itself reserved, and, of course, anonymous.

The story is a curious one.

The Crown Princess Cecilia was recovering from her confinement. Little Alexandrina Irene was uttering her first cries in a cradle, and the young mamma naturally, like many French, English, Italian and Russian women, was thinking of the joy of peace when her husband would come back to her. . . . She had forgotten the little stories of other days, the flirtations carried a little too far, the little love episodes, the adventures that she had discovered for herself, or of which she had been discreetly informed. Was not Frederick William an old husband now, with big children, a husband who had grown wise and mature? . . . One day, while opening a hat-box, the Crown Princess observed that a photograph had stuck to the bottom of the box. What was it? She wished to see. She went to a well-lit place near a window! Horror! The photograph represented her husband only half-dressed

and in the act of embracing passionately a creature whose provoking charms revealed themselves under a light dressing-gown. It was the "lunatic" of Esch-sur-l'Alzette with the butcher's daughter.

What! So this was war, camp life, the struggle for the Fatherland!

The Crown Princess wept, but we have seen that she is endowed with an energetic disposition. Tears and torments could lead to nothing. She must make a decision, a radical decision. She made it. She wished for a divorce. It was then that our confrère the *Journal des Debats* announced, on the strength of reliable information, that an event was on the eve of taking place at Potsdam, that the Crown Princess was going to break with her husband.

The Crown Princess has not yet executed her project. Why? A woman, another woman who, like her, had suffered from the follies of a capricious and inconstant husband, gave her advice and exchanged confidences with her. The Kaiserin, yes the Kaiserin herself, told her in terms of affection the sympathy that she felt for her in these misfortunes. But she begged her, conjured her, not to change her misfortune into a catastrophe, but rather to think of her children, her quite young children, who must not learn the unworthiness of their father, and must never suspect ignoble treasons.

And the Kaiserin asked her to make the great, the immense, sacrifice which was imposed upon her. She

cited her own example; she knew how to be eloquent and to point out the compensations which tasks and duties give, and by which, in spite of everything, the wounds of suffering are healed a little. The Crown Princess promised to remain patient; she has reserved her final decision.

One must not regard all this as invented for the sake of making a sensational romance! There is confirmation in the shape of a communication addressed to the American newspaper, *The Seattle Times*, July 4th, and dated from Berlin, July 3rd. *The Seattle Times* often publishes instructive and interesting telegrams from the German capital. That to which I refer deserves to be translated more or less *in extenso*:

"One may ask oneself if many people in Berlin would recognise the Kaiser at the present moment if they happened to meet him unexpectedly in mufti, for the Kaiser has changed enormously since last summer. In eleven months the Kaiser has aged twenty years. He walks with his head down, he who, a year ago, was as erect as any officer of his famous Guards; his hair is almost quite white, as is his moustache.

"They say that he is conscious of the heavy responsibilities that weigh on him, particularly in connection with the terrible losses of human life; to the Kaiser's torments are now added the sorrows of a private citizen. Although nothing is said in public, it is everywhere whispered that the Crown Prince has cruelly disappointed him, and that he regards him as utterly incap-

able of being his successor. Nobody really knows where the Crown Princess is. She was supposed to have spent some time with her sister, the Queen of Denmark, but it is suspected everywhere that a Royal divorce is inevitable. One may add that the Kaiserin is on the side of her daughter-in-law, but that she does her utmost to persuade her to remain faithful to Germany, no matter how great such a sacrifice may be for her. If the Crown Princess has inherited her Russian mother's tenacity of character, it is feared that she will not yield, all the more because her marriage was the result of a real love for her inconstant and capricious husband, whose habits of debauch have since developed."

The story, as one sees, is far from being finished, and it is very probable that sooner or later we shall hear the royal disagreement discussed again in a very precise and, perhaps, definite manner.

But the Crown Prince is still in Argonne, where his wife has never come to see him. He continues his gay life there with comfortable quarters, good cheer, and all the rest of it. Whether he is at Varennes or Stenay or Bellevue, he sees that the cooking is well looked after. In the course of an interview he had with his father, the latter said, as we have noted :

"One fares better with you than with me. I am asking myself if I ought not to requisition your cook!"

On July 13th the Crown Prince harangued his troops who had captured Hill 285 (East of Four de Paris) :

"Comrades, I seize this occasion to express the Kaiser's thanks and my own, not only for your last success, the results of which have been splendid, although the losses have been heavy, but also for your loyal and devoted conduct during those last eleven months. We are assisting our comrades on the Eastern Front, and, with God's help, we shall continue until the moment when we shall be able to finish with the French."

Frederick William spoke too soon. The French retook the height in the course of a counter-attack.

M. George Wegener, whose name I have already had occasion to cite in connection with the curious visit of the Crown Prince to India, took part, as a war correspondent in Argonne for the *Gazette de Cologne*, in a religious service presided over by the Crown Prince, who afterwards distributed the Iron Cross to 480 officers and soldiers. The ceremony took place in a part of a forest in which the Germans had made a clearing, after taking the precaution of leaving sufficient large trees to screen them from our aviators. At one extremity an altar, surmounted by a white cross, had been constructed of rough wood and decorated with foliage. Nineteen ensign-bearers were drawn up around it with their standards; in front, on three sides, generals were lined up, next came the recipients of the decoration, and behind them 2,000 representatives of the different troops.

At nine o'clock an automobile brought the Crown Prince, the commander of the Fourth Army. He was accompanied by General von Mudra, head of the Argonne Army corps, and by Field-Marshal Count Haeseler, who, in spite of his great age, had come to reside in a village in Argonne so as to follow the operations closely. The Crown Prince wore the uniform of his favourite regiment, that of the Death's Head Hussars of Dantzig; he wore also the skeleton cockade and a yellow rain cloak.

M. Wegener, a very respectful person, did not laugh at this odd attire, but, on the contrary, was much impressed by the activity of the Prince, whom he had formerly been instructed to shadow, and who, in the present instance, decorated 480 men in two hours, something like a fourth of a minute a head, "which did not prevent him from saying a word to each of his soldiers." And the deferential correspondent adds:

"While the other officers never remove their gloves, the Prince shakes with bare hand the hands of his soldiers. Will not these men, thus honoured by the son of the Emperor, retain through all their lives a double and a triple pride?"

One is rather puzzled as to why the pride should be doubled and even tripled. Perhaps it is on account of the divers attentions that the Crown Prince bestows on his soldiers? Some soldiers of Schleswig, recently returned from Argonne, told some Danish journalists that since the beginning of the war their chiefs have

held human life very cheap. These soldiers have always been primed with alcohol. They lavish upon them particularly, according to this Danish information, a compound composed of punch, ether and arrack, a bottle of which is handed to each combatant at the moment when the signal for a great attack is given. It is no rare thing, say the soldiers of Schleswig, to see men, overcome by this drink, which is called the *Crown Prince's Mixture*, charging the enemy with their bottle in one hand and a bomb in the other, absolutely bewildered and unconscious of danger.

One is surprised that George Wegener, who must have heard the Crown Prince's mixture spoken of, and who might have tasted it if he had wished, is content to speak of a double and a triple pride. Why does he not say quadruple, or even more?

The last information about the Crown Prince refers to his quarrel with Prince Ruprecht of Bavaria. The dissension arose under the following circumstances:

Immediately after the conquest by the French of the Triangle of the German defensive works in Artois, Prince Ruprecht made repeated appeals for reinforcements in men and guns. He obtained only absurd reinforcements, while in the interval the more fortunate Crown Prince received important and thoroughly trained effectives, as well as field artillery and big guns. Besides these, a regiment of Landsturm, originally destined for Prince Ruprecht, was deflected to the Argonne.

The Prince of Bavaria made energetic protests to the Imperial Government. There followed an exchange of bitter-sweet telegrams between the two Princes, who before this had lived on the best of terms.

Prince Ruprecht was offended, and went so far as to ask to be relieved of his command. He was at last appeased by a mark of Imperial favour which was dispatched to him by a special messenger of the Kaiser.

What his own soldiers think of the Crown Prince we know from a German major, who was taken prisoner at Souchez, but who had previously been with the troops placed under the Crown Prince's command. This major declared:

"If the Crown Prince keeps his command in the Argonne, he will sacrifice his men until nothing is left of his army. He is a royal mountebank who wishes to justify the hopes of his people, and who is anxious to efface the stigma of the battle of the Marne."

At the beginning of September, 1915, the Crown Prince sent a telegram to Enver Pasha to congratulate him on the success of the Turkish operations. At the same time he sent Enver a marble statuette representing *Victory*. The statuette arrived in a pitiful state. When the package was opened the *Victory* was found broken into a thousand fragments. The people of Constantinople did not detect a happy omen in this incident.

Such is the life of Frederick William, the German Crown Prince. It is well filled, say some, but, one must add, well filled with shame, with disgrace, and with crime. With his name, his authority, with all the means at his disposal, he might have accomplished a magnificent mission on earth. He did not wish for that. He was not capable of that. He was not worthy of that. This Prince might have deserved the renown of a good and loyal Prince; it was simple for him. But he has refused to fight against his instincts. His aspirations led him neither towards goodness, nor towards simplicity, nor towards charity, nor towards humanity, but towards robbery, treason, enjoyment, and luxury. Perhaps it is only the fruit of a too specialised education; this thesis will seduce all those who believe in the attenuated responsibility of each individual. Irresponsible, the Crown Prince! Not a bit of it! The higher a man is placed, the more sacred is his man's mission, the more it is strenuous and beautiful. If he does not feel strong enough to be what he should be, let him abdicate, let him bury himself in the earth! But the arrogant one, who uses the authority and wealth which his birth has heaped upon him, only for vile and criminal actions, he is not irresponsible, he must be branded with an indelible brand for the education and scorn of generations to come.

Here, the man has written himself down. He has said too much, he has done too much against the immense indulgence of the centuries. Later, when the

working of time shall have accomplished its task, the Crown Prince Frederick William, son of William II, will go down to history as neither a great leader nor a good husband nor a noble adversary; he will be only a new and tragic puppet in the sad line of the Hohenzollerns.

PRINTED IN GREAT BRITAIN BY R. CLAY AND SONS, LTD.,
BRUNSWICK STREET, STAMFORD STREET, S.E., AND BUNGAY, SUFFOLK.

BY THE SAME AUTHOR.

Ready Shortly.

THE SUPER-HUNS

BY

PAUL-LOUIS HERVIER.

BETHMANN-HOLLWEG, FALKENHAYN, TIRPITZ, BÜLOW, ZEPPELIN, HINDENBURG, MACKENSEN, KLUCK, BISSING, HAESELER, HARDEN, KRUPP.

Crown 8vo. With Portraits.

Price 5s. net.

EVELEIGH NASH COMPANY, LIMITED
36, KING STREET, COVENT GARDEN,
LONDON, W.C.

THE LIBRARY
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Santa Barbara

THIS BOOK IS DUE ON THE LAST DATE
STAMPED BELOW.

MAR 15 '71 2 23 D

APR 5 '71 3 10 D

8

JUN 1 1982 D

OCT 11 1982 D

50m-3,'68(H9242s8)9482

3 1205 00522 4892

UC SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY

AA 000 177 574 1